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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems, now First Collected. By Lord Leigh. 12mo. Pp. 402. London, 1839. Moxon. WHEN Mr. Chandos (now Lord) Leigh published, in separate forms, portions of these poems, here collected together and accompanied by others worthy of their talent and sweetness, it was a pleasure to us to pay to them that tribute of approbation which they so truly merited from every lover of the muse. It is therefore unnecessary for us to revert to them further than to refresh the public memory with our record of their beauty, before we pass on to the novelties for the first time presented to our notice.

Taking the volume as a whole, we would say that it is a charming garland of poetic flowers, of many a varied kind and hue. The familiar epistles display sportiveness and wit; the descriptive verses are rich in scenery and sentiment; the elegies are full of feeling; and the productions of miscellaneous order include fancy, tenderness, mind, reflection, life, and nature.

We shall begin with a quotation from the "Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town," which will remind the reader of Pope, and yet be readily applied to our more modern day:—

"Orpheus gives you feasts to glut his pride;
You ask a loan of him, he turns aside;
While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,
Yet from the dearest friend withholds his purse.
The generous man—he whom the world commends—
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends;
And yet this hospitable reveller lives
For self—for self alone his banquet gives.
What though this Pharisee exalts his horn
On high, and views a brother's woes with scorn;
When placed before the judgment-seat of Heaven,
The scorner may be lost, the scorn'd forgiven!
Fame cries that Appius, generous whilst he lives
To bless his neighbour: all he has he gives.
Thou, in subscription be his name enroll'd;
His virtue glitter—tis not sterling gold:
No prayer of thine has he relieved by stealth
Consecrates aims that trumpet forth his wealth.
Cresus for unimagined pleasure pants;
His very pain is that he nothing wants:
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.
'Tis the pursuit that cheers us, when attain'd,
The object is as speedily disdain'd:
Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,
Cresus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.
Cressus, rich child of dullness, lives among
High outcrops and mighty sons of song:
Admitted to the table of the gods, he's hit,
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of wit.
Strange are the qualities in Man commixt!
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt!
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen
In public actions, be in private mean?
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave
A hell for sinners, and become a knave?
How the arch-tempter loves within his toils
To catch reluctant dragons—they are spoils.
The same imaginary sorrows vex
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex;
Go to the court, what characters are there!
The same by Pope described, or La Bruyere.
Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal
Resumes his labours for the common weal;
Neglects his fine estate, with study pale
Overworks his brains, and what does all avail?
The dullest idler may in public speak
Better than he—our patriot's nerves are weak!
Ascanius, for his trade too honest, dives
Into the depths of policy, and strives
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be
What never with his nature can agree.
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's school,
To see through those whom selfish passions rule;
Too sensitive to bear against the blast
Of faction till its rage be overpast.

Each flying shade, each transient light, will throw
Young Flaccus into fits of joy or wo;
The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake
His frame until his heart-strings almost break.
If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,
The mind disjunct from its purpose swerves.
Scarcely on his self-raised eminence appear'd
Publius; the harness'd sons of freedom cheer'd.
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd.
Struggling 'gainst Tyranny's recurring wave
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save:
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed
Power from attempting schemes that curing fram'd),
With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.
As falls the mighty column in its pride,
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and died!
Perish'd a statesman as erect and great
As from its watch-tower e'er o'erlook'd the state."

The concluding portrait of Canning cannot be mistaken: it does honour to the pencil which drew it. A "Swiss Scene" gives us nature as ably painted as character is delineated in the foregoing; and we hasten to select some of its traits:—

"View'd from the terrace walks that round me glow,
How beautiful, Mount Blanc, thy heights of snow
Bathed in rose light, reflecting from the sun
A farewell splendour when his course is run!"

"Gaze on yon massive argentry of cloud
Glittering like battlements of opal proud,
Hanging o'er mountain-pyramids,—the mind
Might image worlds of chrysolite behind.
Gaze on the moon, yon globe of mellow light,
Tranquil as Woman's virtue and as bright;
Lo! as she rises all harsh colours melt
Away,—the harmony of love is felt.
Wide valleys, rich in golden harvests, green
Meadows, blue rivers rolling fast between,
Cities with dark gray walls and swelling domes,
Mountains whose sides the deep pine-forest glooms,
All are intensely hush'd; one hue alone
Prevails, one charm o'er all by silence thrown.
Oh! how magnificent even in repose
Is power at morning's dawn or evening's close;
How grand when stars, through boundless depths of sky,
Watch silent!—citadels of light on high."

"And our humanities, are they not found
Mingling with life above, below, around,
From eagle-eyed Ambition danger-proof
That stands on Glory's pinnacle aloof,
Down to smooth serpent-flattery that charms,
With variegated falsehoods, those she harms?"

The distant Alps:—

"Approach the monuments of time that was
And shall be till away the world must pass:
Emblems sublime of wisdom, they appear
Stable as truth, as contemplation clear,
Reposing 'mid the deep serene, a range
Of Nature's mightiest works, defying change.
Rush by their base wild surges of a river
Like generations of mankind for ever
Gain eminence o'er eminence,—behold
Vast scenes as of a planet strange unroll'd,
Circuitous immensities, where broods
Horror o'er everlasting solitudes,
Pyramidal, high-towering, castle-shaped,
By Art in her gigantic structures sped.
Advance! your eyes no moving objects greet—
A world unpeopled lies beneath your feet;
Interminable glaciers like a heap
Of frozen waves by suns unawaken'd sleep,
Ice-sens, or wildering wastes of ice, the same
For ever—slippery as an after-name!
'Tis the sublime of desolation! far
Spread wreck the elements' primeval war.
(How different from the landscapes seen of late,
Gayer than any fancy might create!
Vineyards on vineyards rising in due grades,
Beautiful dells, groves prodigal of shades.)
There saw Saussure a universe deprived
Of life, and felt that he alone survived!
Sails through mid air a solitary cloud,
Like to a spirit seeking its rhode
Above the silent, shadowy vale of death;
Such seems the rugged continent beneath,
In all his naked strength there, face to face,
Is Power beheld—there man forgets his race:—
There only, for in forest depths may live

Some hermit whose rude hut may shelter give;
Some pilgrim's foot the arid sands may press
Of the inhospitable wilderness.
War-ravaged lands and cities desolate,
Uncultured plains, and wrecks of regal state,
Are still memorials of heroic crime.
The spoiler man, his gewgaws spoil'd by time.
But scarce accessible to chamois wild,
Coeval with past ages, rocks up-pild,
Girt with serpentine ice, distinct appal:
Of human action they no thoughts recall.
Where wild goats leap from crag to crag on high,
Turn we to lake-o'ershadowing mountains nigh,
Or jagged or columnar, what a mass!
Frown others, lengthening in their liquid glass.
Towering o'er the magnificent array
Of clouds that stream along their sides mid-way,
Aerial steeps far spread their grandeur, zoned
By forests of luxuriant growth, pine-crowned.
'Tis thus on genius mighty, though untaught,
That Heaven bestows exhaustless wealth of thought.
Peaks, that the spirit of light seems to subdue
Into crystalline shapes of purple hue,
Sky-pointed peaks, on which, at distance kenn'd,
Stars seem like gods sublimar to descend,
Are types of noble souls, that even on earth
Look upward; gifts celestial shew their worth;
Though firm, with light of charity yet graced,
They are above the storms of passion plac'd.
Far, far around, the heaven-raised barriers, grand
As thoughts of freedom, guard Tell's native land;
Valleys of loveliest aspect they enclose,
Like Strength protecting Beauty in repose."

"Châlets that garland-wise wild plants inwreath
Above look down on castles gray beneath.
Small as is human pride, the line-worn tower
Seems among scenes that laugh at human power.
Vast rocks of similar form that round it press
There mock the feudal ruin's littleness.
What a mere toy is chivalry's pomp among
Glories to Nature's empire that belong!"

In the poem entitled "A Good Man's Future Existence," the structure of the verse is peculiar, but the thoughts are noble and philosophical. It opens thus:—

"As heavenly bodies through the ether move
Silently, stormful regions far above,
Thus above passions that around the throng
Gather, the good man moves his course along.
With such a facile energy he goes
Onward, 'tis action, 'tis sublime repose.
He to the stock of human happiness
Brings every day accession, more or less.
As Flora from her pictured urn in May
Throws flowers, Love scatters blessings in his way.
When gone, remembrance of what he has been,
Sweet as perfume from violet banks unseen,
To those his present influence gladden'd, gives
A fragrant joy his presence that survives.
Fragrant with a solar life, unworn by change
Organic (Mind must have a wider range),
Through faith he brightens in a higher sphere,
Serenely beautiful, as star-light here."

Lord Leigh is ardent in the cause of Poland, and speaks of America with a just admiration, while, at the same time, he reclaims against its endurance of slavery:—

"The ornaments of life Columbia wants,
And decorative graces, but she rears
A fabric, though no splendours there enchant
Idolaters of rank, that man reverts;
The aspect of Utility it wears.
It: ever-crescent strength to contemplate
Patriots rejoice, through vista long of years;
And art will bring refinement, to create
Love of the beautiful in minds ambitious hopes elate.
See! a young nation, whose united will
One spirit animates, one heart impels,
While slumber ancient dynasties, or ill
Concealing domineer till man rebels,
In works ensuring future wealth excels.
Authors, an invulnerable class, are prized
No more than monks were in their cluster'd cells;
But schemes, old states dream not, are realised,
By Speculation's far-discerning mind devised.
A new earth's verdurous magnificence
Seems from a recent deluge to emerge:
Lakes with a thousand islands gemm'd; immense
Forests, and far along the horizon's verge

Blue mountains cresting like the ocean's surge;
Earth-shaking rush of falls, and roar of flood,
And fell oft seem'd by the tornado's scourge;
These bards have sung, in glad or lively mood,
But their auxiliary charms remain yet to be woo'd.

"Meanwhile activity on restless wing
Flies on, inventive industry her guide;
In the new world, of enterprise the spring
Is felt, rolls thither population's tide,
And unprun'd forests perish in their pride:
To-day, a vigorous race pursue, unappall'd
By danger, mighty labours far and wide,
To-morrow, farms will thrive and cities wall'd,
Where late through herbage rank amphibious monsters
crawl'd.

And bright-eyed science, like the morning-star,
Illumes the land that liberty hath blest;
Progressing still in knowledge, thousands are
(Labour their pleasure is, their unrest, rest)
Spreading their bloodless triumphs o'er the West;
Millions shall through far-distant valleys be
Of treasures, undeveloped yet, possess'd:
Colossal empire of the great and free!
Strong is thy youth, who can thy strength adult foresee?

"Democracy, gigantic, fickle power,
Acts on the government by fits and starts,
Repealing by heret laws an hour
Ago she will'd. What are the counter-arts
By which the state-machine repairs its parts?
It is the home-religion's gentle sway,
That to extravagant spirits peace imparts;
Of institutions new the only stay,
When young equality would break and cast their bonds
away.

Religion, order, law, the triple cord
Of states, self-honouring liberty admires;
She yields, to vindicate her rights, the sword,
But checks her sons' inordinate desires,
And strikes not when canst her aid require.
Noble is her ambition—to increase
Man's happiness, not kindle raging fires
Of war through the world, but arts of peace
To multiply, and mind from thralldom base release."

Without going further into the subjects,
which are treated at greater length than the
limits of our page permit us to illustrate, we
shall conclude this paper with

"The Sauri.

"Multaque nunc etiam existunt animalia teris,
Imbribus et calido solis concreta vapore.
Quo minus est mirum, si tum sunt plura coortis,
Et majora nova tellure, atque æthere adultis."

Lucræti, lib. v. v. 795.

Ere as it is the world its course begun,
The earth's thirteen'd with children of the sun,
Goliath lizards of a former age,
When a hot temperature was all the rage;
What were the ladies of the temperate zone
Then? Warm as central fire—now cold as stone!
And man, if man existed then I ween,
Had all the fiery particles of Iken,
Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,
Like Talbot's, among 'clods' or cockneys, dread.
But all is now comparatively cool;
Thank Heaven! we have no Camelfords at school.
Though heat-begotten monsters we encase
In our museums, perish'd have the race.
Whether they were herbivorous, or ate
Dirt like an Otomac, I cannot state.
They thirsted not like monsters since the flood
Begot—the taste is ancient too—for blood!
Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile
Rode, they were ridden, though in length a mile!
Conjecture here—geologists advance
But sober truths—loves somewhat to romance.
The freeborn Sauri scorn'd a reigning lord,
Half-monkey and half-tiger, beast-abhor'd
That rides, like tailors on their fluttering geese,
A many-headed hydra not with ease.
The steed will throw his rider if great'sd sore,
As Spenser's dragon throw the gorgeous w—;
The Lithuanian fretting at the curb
Imperial may his master's seat disturb.
Proud of their igneous origin the tribe
Were self-important as a titled scribe;
Shallow as Trinculo deemed Caliban,
Whether through fens they paddled, crept or ran;
Singing in chorus marshy songs, devouring
Fern salads, like our idlers bored and boring,
They lived—chronologists may guess the time—
And then returned to what they came from—slime.
Ere Alorus they lived, or, to go higher,
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian squire.
They may, sublimed into another sort
Of beings, through ethereal space transport
Themselves with a rapidity intense;
With tubes provided every tube a sense.
Such Davy saw, or dream'd he saw, at Rome.
Philosophers have sober views at home;
At Rome sublimed their spirits now on fire
Be-luned to Ariosto's flights aspire.
Oh were these high-bred monsters now alive
In those famed gardens, where on Sunday drive
Ladies high-born as to a morning rout,
To laugh at apes with tails, and apes without,

Fashion might then revive Egyptian rites,
And in these non-descripts discern 'new lights';
Though some plebeian peer, whose pedigree
Would puzzle Heard, might not their merit see:
Pendent from gorgeous ceilings to amaze
The world, their forms in *or-molu* might blaze
Through grand saloons, where taste capricious links,
Alliance strange,—a griffin with a sphinx!
While pretty women lip, "You have not seen
The Mesiasauri! Where could you have been?"
Far more in fashion they than Namick Pasha—
A Brahmin—comet—or Lord Dudley's babaw;
Or novel of the season latest, best,
Yet so severe, it ought to be suppress'd.
Would they were now alive, consuming wheat,
And kept by rich zoologists, to eat!
They, like Napoleon, prices might exalt,
More than remission of the tax on malt;
And landowners would cease to grieve that they
With crippled means increased rent-charges pay.
Soon would they disappear on Erin's bogs,
Cherish'd as Isaac Walton cherish'd frogs,
To be impaled by Orange seers, who hope
To prove that monsters symbolise the pope,
Especially if their long tails emit
A phosphorescent light like—Irish wit!"

Need we repeat, after these examples, that
this volume is one of great variety, power, and
poetry?

Confessions of a Thug. By Captain Meadows
Taylor, in the service of H. H. the Nizam.
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

"You have given a faithful portrait of a
Thug's life, his ceremonies, and his acts;
whilst I am proud that the world will know
of the deeds and adventures of Ameer Ali, the
Thug;" are the concluding words of the au-
tobiographical narrative which Captain Taylor
has here put into the mouth of one of the
most desperate of that extraordinary combin-
ation of assassins, whose atrocities have only
within the last seven or eight years become
the wonder and horror of India. The his-
tory of mankind affords no parallel to Thug-
gee: the bands of the Old Man of the Moun-
tain scattered over many lands, the Secret
Tribunals of Germany, the Inquisition, were all
petty murderers, when compared with this ter-
rible association. Men have been likened to
tigers, with an aptness that well illustrated
sanguinary character; but the Thugs were
bloodhounds, whose thirst for human gore never
ceased to inflame them with an appetite which
grew indeed with what it fed on, till the de-
struction of life became almost essential to their
own existence. We have been told by military
persons that it was impossible to conceive the
engulfing passion for slaughter which stirred
them to madness in action; and it has been
described to us so vividly as to impart a fearful
sympathy and ardour even to our breasts in
listening to the tale. But the picture of Thug
excitement surpasses aught that could be im-
agined; and the revelations of actual deeds done
by these remorseless villains, so strikingly em-
bodied by the author under the form of the
confessions of a leader, are enough to freeze
the blood in our veins.

And not the least remarkable part of the
subject is, that these monsters are influenced by
a religious principle in the deliberate strangling
of every victim they can inveigle within their
snarers; whilst in the natural affections for
their own parents, wives, brothers, sisters,
children, and friends, they seem to feel the
opposite emotions with equal strength and in-
tensity. Romance could invent nothing so
hideous and contradictory; and were not the
whole system discovered, revealed, and corro-
borated by unquestionable proof, it would be
impossible for the mind to believe that such
things could have been, and, in spite of all the
exertions of European intelligence and power,
could still be.

These matters, however, will appear more

clearly as we pass through this strange work,
which is an authentic relation of those dreadful
massacres brought to light by Colonel Sleeman
and others, and only indebted to Captain Tay-
lor for the interesting shape into which he has
thrown his account of them.

"The tale of crime (he informs us) which
forms the subject of the following pages is,
alas! almost all true: what there is of fiction
has been supplied only to connect the events,
and make the adventures of Ameer Ali as
interesting as the nature of his horrible pro-
fession would permit me. I became ac-
quainted with this person in 1832. He was
one of the approvers or informers who were
sent to the Nizam's territories from Saugor,
and whose appalling disclosures caused an ex-
citement in the country which can never be
forgotten. I have listened to them with fear-
ful interest, such as I can scarcely hope to ex-
cite in the minds of my readers; and I can
only add, in corroboration of the ensuing story,
that, by his own confessions, which were in
every particular confirmed by those of his
brother-informers, and are upon official record,
he had been directly concerned in the murder
of seven hundred and nineteen persons. He
once said to me, 'Ah! sir, if I had not been
in prison twelve years, the number would have
been a thousand!' How the system of Thug-
gee* could have become so prevalent,—remain
unknown to, and unsuspected by, the people of
India, among whom the professors of it were
living in constant association,—must, to the
majority of the English public, who are not
conversant with the peculiar construction of
Oriental society, be a subject of extreme won-
der. It will be difficult to make this under-
stood within my present limits, and yet it is so
necessary that I cannot pass it by. In a vast
continent like India, which, from the earliest
periods, has been portioned out into territories,
the possessions of many princes and chieftains,
each with supreme and irresponsible power in
his own dominions, having a most lax and
inefficient government, and at enmity with, or
jealous of, all his neighbours, it may be con-
ceived that no security could exist for the
traveller upon the principal roads throughout
the continent; no general league was ever
entered into for his security; nor could any
government, however vigorous, or system of
police, however vigilant it might be in one
state, possibly extend to all. When it is also
considered that no public conveyances have
ever existed in India (the want of roads, and
the habits and customs of the natives being
alike opposed to their use); that journeys,
however long, have to be undertaken on foot
or on horseback; that parties, previously un-
known to each other, associate together for
mutual security and companionship; that even
the principal roads (except those constructed
for military purposes by the Company's govern-
ment) are only tracks made by the constant
passage of people over them, often intersecting
forests, jungles, and mountainous and unculti-
vated tracts, where there are but few villages
and a scanty population; and that there are
never any habitations between the different
villages, which are often some miles apart,—
it will readily be allowed that every tempta-
tion and opportunity exists for plunderers of
all descriptions to make travellers their prey.
Accordingly freebooters have always existed,
under many denominations, employing various
modes of operation to attain their ends: some

* "The word Thug means a deceiver, from the Hindee
verb *Thagna*, to deceive;—it is pronounced *Tug*, slightly
aspirated."

effecting them by open and violent attacks with weapons; others by petty thefts, and by means of disguises. Beyond all, however, the Thugs have of late years been discovered to be the most numerous, the most united, the most secret in their horrible work, and, consequently, the most dangerous and destructive. Travellers seldom hold any communication with the towns through which they pass, more than for the purchase of the day's provisions: they sometimes enter them, but pitch their tents or lie under the trees which surround them; to gain any intelligence of a person's progress from village to village is therefore almost impossible. The greatest facilities of disguise among thieves and Thugs exist in the endless divisions of the people into tribes, castes, and professions; and remittances to an immense amount are known to be constantly made from one part of the country to another in gold and silver, to save the rate of exchange; jewels also and precious stones are often sent to distant parts, under the charge of persons who purposely assume a mean and wretched appearance, and every one is obliged to carry money upon his person for the daily expenses of travelling. It is also next to impossible to conceal any thing carried, from the unlimited power of search possessed by the officers of customs in the territories of native princes, or to guard against the information their subordinates may supply to Thugs, or robbers of any description. It has been ascertained, by recent investigation, that in every part of India many of the hereditary landholders and the chief officers of villages have had private connexion with Thugs for generations, affording them facilities for murder by allowing their atrocious acts to pass with impunity, and sheltering the offenders when in danger; whilst in return for these services they received portions of their gains, or laid a tax upon their houses, which the Thugs cheerfully paid. To almost every village (and at towns they are in a greater proportion) several hermits, fakiers, and religious mendicants, have attached themselves. The huts and houses of these people, which are outside the walls, and always surrounded by a grove or a garden, have afforded the Thugs places of rendezvous or concealment; while the fakiers, under their sanctimonious garb, have enticed travellers to their gardens by the apparently disinterested offers of shade and good water. The facilities I have enumerated, and hundreds of others which would be almost unintelligible by description, but which are intimately connected with, and grown out of, the habits of the people, have caused Thuggee to be every where spread and practised throughout India."

In the suppression of this bloody enormity it seems that "from 1831 to 1837, inclusive, there were

Transported to Penang, &c.	1659
Hanged	412
Imprisoned for life with hard labour ..	47
Imprisoned in default of security	21
Imprisoned for various periods	69
Released after trial	32
Escaped from jail	11
Died in jail	36
	1727
Made approvers	483
Convicted but not sentenced	130
In jail in various parts not yet tried ..	936
	3268

Added to the above, Captain Reynolds mentioned that, at the time he wrote, upwards of 1800 notorious Thugs were at large in various parts of India, whose names were known; how many besides existed, it is impossible to

conjecture. How enormous, therefore, must have been the destruction of human life and property in India before Thuggee was known to exist, or was only partially checked! How many thousands must annually have perished by the hands of these remorseless assassins! Awful, indeed, is the contemplation; for during the whole of the troublous times of the Mahratta and Pindharee wars their trade flourished; nor was it till 1831 that their wholesale system of murder received any serious check: and after its general discovery, the countless and affecting applications from families to the officers of the departments to endeavour to procure them some knowledge of the places where their missing relatives had been destroyed, that they might have the miserable satisfaction of performing the ceremonies for the dead—shewed how deeply the evil had affected society."

Of the youthful history of Ameer Ali, we need take no further notice than that his father and mother were murdered by Thugs, and he, an infant, saved and adopted by one of their leaders. In due time he was initiated into the mysteries of their cursed profession, and became one of the most daring and successful of their jemadars, or chiefs. In the course of his career he murdered his own sister, without knowing who she was; and his other murders were not less horrible, though he seemed to gloat upon the skill and certainty with which he performed them. Their religious observances in the worship of Bhowanee, the goddess of Destruction; their faith in omens, and other strange circumstances, are already pretty generally known to the public. Like the knights of old, the candidates underwent a sort of novitiate, and were instructed in their future duties. Among the rest, the use of the roomal, or handkerchief, used by the Thugs, then called Bhutote, in strangling their victims, was taught; and it is surprising how instantaneously it ended life:—

"On the fifth morning (Ameer Ali tells), the handkerchief was put into my hand; and after having been bathed, anointed with sweet-smelling oils, and marked on the forehead with vermilion, as a votary of Bhowanee, I was declared a Bhutote. 'One thing I forgot,' said the old man laughing, as he gave me the cloth; 'and that was the principal, perhaps. I have not shewn you how to use it, and I have a peculiar knack of my own, which is easily communicated. You will soon learn it.' He took the cloth, tied a large knot at one end, with a piece of silver inserted in it: this he held in his left hand, the plain end being in his right, and about as much space between them as would nearly compass a man's neck: the closed hands had the palms uppermost. 'Now,' said he, 'mark this; and when you throw the cloth from behind, and have got it tight, suddenly turn your knuckles into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side that may be most convenient. If done in a masterly manner, instant death ensues.' I took the cloth, and held it as he directed, but it did not please him. 'Give it me back, that I may shew you more exactly on your own neck,' said he. 'Indeed, no,' cried I, laughing; 'you might think I was a traveller, and have me down in an instant, without intending it; but I perfectly understand the method.' 'Then try it on me, Ameer Ali; I shall see by the position of your hands whether you know any thing about it.' I obeyed him; the old man shook his head and laughed. 'That will never do; you could not kill a child in that way,' he said; 'when you feel my hands round your neck you will under-

stand.' So I submitted with as good a grace as I could, though I did not at all like the idea. My blood ran cold through me as I felt his chill, clammy hands about my neck; but he did not hurt me, and I saw where my error had been. I tried it on him as he had shewn me several times, and was declared at last to be perfect. 'Now you only want practice, Ameer Ali,' said he. 'Inshalla! Roop Singh,' I replied, 'we shall have plenty of it. One beginning, and I fear not for the rest. Like a tiger, which, once having tasted human blood, will, if possible, take no other, and runs every risk to get it, so I feel it will be with me.' And it was so. Sahib! I knew myself—I had spoken truly."

Thus accomplished, his first murder is described:—

"It was now generally known to all that I was to have the Sahoukar to myself, and many thronged about me to see how I looked forward to my first trial; every one cheered me, and I must own this gave me great confidence. As the time approached, my soul burned for the work like that of a young and brave soldier to see the first flash of his bright sword in anger. My father enjoyed my demeanour in silent satisfaction; he spoke not, but there was exultation in his eye as he looked fondly upon me, and I felt that I should not disappoint him. The whole band seemed to be impressed particularly with the importance of the present matter, for they collected into groups, and though each man knew exactly what he had to do, and what was appointed for his comrade, yet they seemed to be discussing the whole, till one by one they separated, and each stretched himself out to gain the little rest he could, before the time arrived which would call him into active, nay, deadly strife,—my father and Hoosein too, all except myself. I was sitting outside our slight tent when Roop Singh came to me. 'Baba!' said he as he sat down, 'how feel you? is your heart firm and your blood cool?' 'Both,' said I: 'nothing can change my heart; and feel my hand, is my blood hot?' 'No,' said the old man, taking it in his; 'it is not, nor does it tremble; this is as it should be. I have seen many prepare for their first trial, but never one so coolly and calmly as you do; but this is all in consequence of the blessed Muntrus which have been read over you, and the ceremonies you went through.' 'Perhaps so,' said I; 'but I think I should have been much the same without them.' 'Now, may Bhowanee forgive you, proud boy,' he replied; 'you know not their efficacy; was there ever a prouder being than I was,—a Rajpoot by birth, and one of the purest tribes? Had I not slain wild beasts, or helped to slay them from my childhood? but when a man was shewn me, and the handkerchief alone put into my hands to destroy him with, indeed I trembled; nor was it for a long time that I could be brought to attempt it. But,' continued Roop Singh, 'you have one more ceremony to go through, which on no account must be neglected; go, call your father, Hoosein, and Bhudrinath, that they may be present.' We were all soon assembled, and the Gooroo led the way into an adjoining field. He stopped, and turning to the direction in which we were to proceed, raised his hands in a supplicatory manner, and cried, 'Oh Kalee! Maha Kalee! if the traveller now with us should die by the hand of this thy new votary, vouchsafe us the Thibao!' All of us stood silently; and, wonderful to relate, even at that late hour an ass brayed on the right hand. The Gooroo was overjoyed. 'There!' cried he to the others, 'was there ever so complete an acceptance of

a votary? The omen almost followed the prayer.' 'Shookr Alla!' exclaimed my father, 'it is now complete; he will go forth and conquer. There only remains for you to tie the knot.' 'That I will do when we return,' said the Gooroo; and when we reached our encampment, he took my handkerchief, and untying the knot which had been previously made, he retied it, placing a piece of silver in it. Presenting it to me, he said, 'Receive this now sacred weapon; put your trust in it; in the holy name of Kalee, I bid it do your will!' I received it in my right hand, and carefully tucked it into my waistband, that I might not lose it, and that it might be ready for action when required. We remained in conversation for some time, and then threw ourselves on our carpets to snatch a short rest, till one of our men from the village came and told us that the Sahoukar was preparing to move, and had sent him on to warn us. The band were quickly roused and our beasts laden, and we drew up by the side of the road to await his arrival. He was not long in coming, and we all moved on together. The night was beautiful, the road excellent, and we pushed on in high spirits. The booty we were to possess, the tact with which the whole matter had been managed from the first, would mark it as an enterprise of a superior description, one that any one of us would be proud to mention, and which would cause a considerable sensation, not only in the country, but among the numerous bands of Thugs of Hindostan, more especially those we were to rejoin at the conclusion of our season. We had proceeded about two coss, when there was a murmur among the men who led, and one of the scouts was an instant afterwards seen making his way to where we were. My father recognised him as one of those he had sent on. 'Bhilla Manjeh?' [have you cleared the hole?] he eagerly inquired. 'Manjeh!' said the man; 'it is cleared, and it is all ready. See you yon low hills? A streamlet, as I told you, runs from them; and it is a rare bhil that we have made, Jemadar Sahib. You will say we have done well.' 'And how far may it be?' demanded my father. 'About half a coss,' said the man: 'a short distance from hence the road becomes stony, and continues so till you are above the pass—take advantage of it; and he fell in among the others. The men were silently warned to be at their posts, and each man, or two men, as it was necessary, placed himself close to the one to whom he had been assigned. By designed obstructions in front, the bullocks belonging to the Sahoukar, with their attendants, were brought immediately about the cart in which he rode, and the whole being gathered into one place, were the easier to be secured. The preparations again roused me, and I grasped the handkerchief firmly, thinking every moment that the signal was about to be made; but we still crept on at a slow pace, for the road was narrow and lined by thorny bushes; and the men in front proceeding as slowly as possible, we were kept exactly in our proper place, and expected every moment to reach the spot. As we approached the small hills, the jungle became pretty thick, and appeared doubly so by the moonlight, and we passed many places where I thought the deed might have been done with advantage. But I was wrong, for the Lughaees had selected an admirable one. A man came from the front, whispered a few words to my father, and again went on: this increased my anxiety. We crossed a small hollow, ascended a bank, and below us I saw what I was sure was the place. The banks of the rivulet were high and steep,

covered with thick underwood matted by trailing creepers. A few higher trees nearly met over its bed, in which could be just discerned a small thread of water, looking like a silver snake as the moon's rays fell on it through the dark foliage. A hundred thieves might lie there, thought I; and who could ever know the fate of a traveller who might so easily be surprised in such a spot? I was roused from my train of thought by my father, as he called out 'Hooshiaree!' [caution.] This was the preparatory signal. He went to the side of the cart, and represented to the Sahoukar that we had reached the stream, and that the bank was so steep, and the bed so stony, that we must get out and walk over to the other side, if no further. This was quite sufficient: the man got out, and after seeing the cart safely down the steep bank, was preparing to follow himself. The whole scene is now before me. The bullocks and their drivers, with the Thugs, were all in a confused group in the bed of the little stream, the men shouting and urging on their beasts: but it was easy to see that every man had a Thug close to him awaiting the signal. They were only a few feet below us, and the stream was so narrow that it was with some difficulty all could stand in its bed, especially when the cart reached the bottom. Above, stood my father, Hoosain, and myself—the Sahoukar, one of his servants, and several other Thugs. I was eagerly waiting the signal; I tightly grasped the fatal handkerchief, and my first victim was within a foot of me! I went behind him, as being preferable to one side, and observed one of the other Thugs do the same to a servant. The Sahoukar moved a step or two towards the road; I instinctively followed him—I scarcely felt that I stirred, so intensely was I observing him. 'Jey Kalee!' shouted my father: it was the signal, and I obeyed it! As quick as thought the cloth was round his neck; I seemed endued with superhuman strength—I wrenched his neck round—he struggled convulsively for an instant, and fell. I did not quit my hold; I knelt down on him, and strained the cloth till my hand ached; but he moved not—he was dead! I quitted my hold, and started to my feet: I was mad with excitement!—my blood boiled, and I felt as though I could have strangled a hundred others, so easy, so simple, had the reality been. One turn of my wrists had placed me on an equality with those who had followed the profession for years: I had taken the first place in the enterprise, for I had killed the principal victim! I should receive the praise of the whole band, many of whom I was confident had looked on me as only a child. I was roused from my reverie by my father. 'You have done well,' he said, in a low and kind voice; 'you will receive the reward of this soon; now follow me, we will go to the grave. Ere this the bodies have been collected, and I myself must see that they are properly disposed of. There will be a noise about this business, and it will need great exertion for us to get out of the road we are now travelling.' I followed him. We descended into the bed of the stream, and were led to the grave by one of the men; others, bearing the body of the Sahoukar, followed. We passed up the bed of the stream for a short distance; and near the mouth of a small nulla, the bed of which was dry, a number of the men were standing. 'The grave?' asked my father. 'It is up there,' said one; 'you will have to creep, and the thorns are very bad.' 'It matters not,' he replied; and we entered the place. The banks of the rivulet were perhaps two or three yards high, and the bed was so narrow that

but two persons could advance abreast. The creepers and trees were matted over head, and the sides so thick that it was impossible that any one could have got down from above. The tangled character of the spot increased as we proceeded, until it became necessary to free our clothes from the thorns which caught us at every step. In a few moments we heard the sound of voices; and after creeping almost on all-fours through a hole which had apparently been forced through the underwood, we came upon the grave. There was only one; it occupied almost the entire breadth of the stream; it was very deep, and the earth, or rather sand, had been thrown out on each end. The Lughaees were sitting there, sharpening stakes cut from the jungle; but they could scarcely be seen from the darkness of the place, which the thick wood above only partially allowed the moonbeams to penetrate. They were conversing in a low tone in the slang of the band, which I had not learned: my father spoke to them, or rather to their leader. 'You have had your wits about you,' he said, 'and we will think well of you when we make the distribution: this is a grave that even a jackal could not discover. Again I say, Peer Khan, you have done this properly; and it is well I have seen it, that I may speak of you as you deserve: but you must be quick—the night advances.' 'It is finished, Khodawund,' replied the man; 'we do but wait for another body which they say is coming, and the filling up will be done immediately.' As he spoke, the body of the Sahoukar was brought up by three men, who railed at it for its weight. 'It is their wont,' he said; 'do not speak to them; only watch what they do; for you must see all, that you may be fully acquainted with your duties.' I was silent. The corpse was dragged to the brink and thrown in, as also that of the servant, who had been killed close to the Sahoukar: incisions were made in their abdomens, and sharpened stakes driven through them. 'Were it not for the precaution you see,' said my father, 'the ground might swell, and the jackals would drag out the bodies; in this way, however, it is impossible.' When all was finished, quantities of stones which had been collected were thrown upon the bodies, afterwards thorns, and the whole was covered up with sand, which was carefully smoothed. 'I think this will do, Jamadar Sahib,' said Peer Khan; 'we may now leave the place. It is not likely that any one will come here to look for the Sethjee or his people, and the Sahibzada has seen how cleverly we have done our work.' 'Enough,' said I; 'I shall know how to act as a Lughia myself should I ever need it.' My father beckoned me to follow him. I stayed to see some dry sand thrown over the place, and proceeded with the others. The hole in the underwood made by us was closed up with great care; and a branch of a bush being broken off, and trailed after him by the hindmost man, obliterated every footmark in the dry sand of the Nulla."

Similar in the main points are most of the stories of murder; but sometimes the victims were strong and armed men; at other times numerous, and accompanied by women who were well guarded; and these make the varieties of the adventures and dangers of the Thug. On other occasions such as love-affairs, &c., the sketches of Oriental manners, customs, and society, are alone a high recommendation to this publication. We know not when we have seen them better depicted. Here, for instance, is a portrait:—

"Bhugrinath, one of the most skilful of the

hand, was a complete exception to what I have said. He was a short, stout, active fellow; a man who aspired to be a jemadar, and with some reason. I have mentioned him before as the bearer of the sacred pickaxe. He was one of the most enterprising among us, and had conducted small expeditions, in which he had acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of those who had trusted him with them. It was curious to see that man eat. He consumed, every day that he could get it, two seers of flour made into cakes, a quarter of a seer of ghee (clarified butter), and a large pot of milk containing upwards of a seer. It seemed impossible that one man could demolish the pile of cakes when he had baked them, and fairly sat down to eat them; but one by one they disappeared, accompanied by such draughts of water as would alone have filled any ordinary person. Towards the end of the pile, however, it was easy to see that his jaws could hardly perform their office, and it was almost painful to behold the distension of his stomach: he would stretch himself first on one side, then on the other; get up and stroke down the mass collected, apparently from his throat downwards, and again essay to finish what remained, and after many attempts he would sometimes succeed. Often have I seen two or more village dogs sit opposite to him, during the consumption of the mountain of cakes, looking wistfully at it, in the hope that a portion of each as he ate it might be thrown to them, watching and envying every mouthful as it passed into the apparently insatiable maw: but in vain! Sometimes Bhudrinath would divide the last two or three cakes between them, when every means of eating more had been tried and had failed; but it was often that desire of eating predominated. He would appear on the point of gratifying the dogs' expectations,—nay, would even break a piece off and hold it in his hand as if offering it: the dog would move towards him, but the coveted morsel disappeared as the rest had done, and he would return to his expectant station, to resume a watch which too often ended in disappointment. We often jeered him on his enormous consumption of food; but he used to declare that nothing under the daily allowance I have mentioned could satisfy him, or enable him to perform his duty."

An Eastern entertainment offers the next example. The actors are called Bhyroopeas.

"They were three in number; and twisting their faces into comical expressions, so as to cause the whole assembly to burst into a simultaneous fit of laughter, one of them stepped forward and said, that in the country whence he came there was once a nuwab, a very wise man, who governed his country as no one had done before, and was a lord victorious in war; and that, if the hoozoor pleased, his slaves were prepared to relate some of his adventures.—'Go on,' said the nuwab, 'we are attending; see that there is nothing indecent, for you are in the presence of the khaanum.'—'Asteferralla! [God forbid!] cried all, making their salutation towards the screen; 'may the favour of the khaanum be upon us, and may Alla give her a long life and posterity to bless her. Inshalla! we shall find favour in her sight, and take away our garments filled with gold.'—They commenced: one of the men, dressed ridiculously as a child, personated the nuwab. The story begins with his youth, how he is petted in the zenana; and the two others changing their dresses to those of females, one is his mother, the other his nurse. The young nuwab is pampered, spoiled, becomes unruly,

is declared to be possessed by the Shitan; a moolah is called in, and charms and wonderful potions, prepared by the aid of magic, are administered. The great child screams and roars, kicks his mother and nurse out of the assembly, upsets all about him; and the confusion and noise created by all this, especially among the tuwaifs, made a scene of fun at which we all laughed heartily. In an incredibly short time the men again made their appearance, and the second act began. The child had grown up to be a youth, and to be fiery and uncontrollable. Women, wine, horses, and arms, are his enjoyments: reckless of every thing, he plunges into dissipation, sets his parents at defiance, runs into debt, is surrounded by sharpers and parasites, who despoil him of all he possesses; and he has given himself up to harlots and debauchery: and this ends the second part.—His father dies—he is now nuwab; he is the head of a proud house, has men and soldiers at his command, and his territory to manage. He forthwith kicks out his former companions, discards every one he had formerly had near him, good and bad together, and gives himself up to a new set of rogues who had preyed upon his father—men with hoary beards, only the greater adepts in villany. He has a quarrel with a neighbouring noble, and the two prepare for war. The troops are described: how they eat mountains and drink rivers; and the nuwab himself as going forth like a bridegroom to meet his bride, like the lightning from the thunder-cloud, or a river overrunning its bounds, terrible, irresistible, before whose glance men quail as before a lion! His horse and arms,—the former large of carcass, small of limb, feet large and broad, fleet as the antelope, courageous as the panther. Of the arms, the sword which, wielded by his father, had cut through a buffalo's skin and divided the thickest quilting. He goes forth, and the fight commences; the horse charge, and the nuwab and his enemy meet (each is mounted on the back of a man). They fight; sword after sword (made of wood) is splintered. One of the horses is killed; it is the nuwab's! He too is killed! he is at the mercy of his foe! No, he is up again; the fight is renewed; it is long doubtful; fresh weapons are given by attendants; at last he is victorious. Alla Akbar! the victory is won, the enemy is routed. Then follows the torture of the prisoners, the rifling of the zenana. There is one slave beautiful, small, delicate in form, an eye like the gazelle's, fair as the beauties of Rome or the fabled ones of England. She falls at his feet: he is captivated. She conquers, and the nika is performed. They live happily for some time; but the fame of the beauty of the daughter of a neighbour reaches him. His soul is on fire; his former love is neglected. He proposes marriage; it is accepted; the bride comes home, and a deadly jealousy ensues between the rival wives. The quarrels of the zenana are described; and by the shrieks of laughter from behind the screen, it was easy to believe how naturally all had been described and acted. The nuwab has reached middle age; he is now a father of a family, a respectable man, a religious man, surrounded by moolahs, who flatter him, and have usurped the places of his former companions. He is as debauched as ever; but it is not known; he passes for a just and good man, and his durbar is described, and his judgments. What was Solomon compared with him? or Hatim Tai, or Lokman the wise? And at each enumeration of his virtues the assembly loudly applauded, and directed their looks to the real nuwab who sat as the spec-

tator. Again the nuwab is shewn, old and decrepid, worn out by disease, surrounded by quacks, from whom he demands nostrums to make him young and vigorous. His zenana is fuller than ever of women, who flatter his vanity, tell him he is as young as ever he was, and yet are false to him; but he has a son who promises to excel his father, who is a Mejnoun in form, a Roostum in valour, before whom his father's enemies are scattered like chaff from the grain before the wind. The old nuwab is growing more and more decrepid and querulous. His fancies and longings are described in a most laughable manner; and, as the final event approaches, he sinks into his eternal sleep, sure of the seventy hours of Paradise, and the eternal youth, which is the portion of true believers. Having concluded, they stepped forward for the largest promised. 'Well, Meer Sahib,' said the nuwab to me, 'how like you this? have the men done ill or well?' 'Ul-humd-ul-illa!' said I; 'the works of Alla are wonderful, and assuredly these fellows are of his especial handiwork. I have seen many of their caste before, but never any like these.' 'They shall be well rewarded,' said the nuwab; 'and yet despite of our having laughed at the whole story, there is much of a moral in it, and much satire. Would that many of the rising generation could receive a lesson from it; they might become wiser and better men.' 'Ameen,' I replied; 'my lord's remarks are just. I did not notice the satire when I heard it; but now I feel it, and it is just.'"

The execution of a robber is another picture of the barbarity of these savages:—

"The mangs (hangmen) looked to me for orders, and I told them to proceed: it was clearly of no use to delay. The robber was again tightly pinioned and thrown on the ground, and the mang who held the knife he had been sharpening, dexterously cut both sinews of his legs close above the heel; he was then raised up, the noose put round his neck, and in another instant he was pulled up to the branch and struggling in his death agony. 'Pah!' said Bhudrinath, turning away, 'it makes me sick: what a contrast this is to our work, where he who is to die scarcely knows that the handkerchief is about his neck before he is a dead man!' 'You say truly,' said I; 'we have the advantage; but these mangs are miserable, outcast wretches.'"

Another Thug massacre is marked by peculiar and striking circumstances. They had strangled the devoted party, and their bodies were yet lying on the sand when—

"Two travellers were seen approaching, and the bodies were hastily covered with sheets, as if those who lay beneath them were asleep; and I cried to the men for some of them to sit and others to lie down, and all to feign great weariness. They did so, and the men came up; they were poor creatures, hardly worth killing, and I proposed to Peer Khan to let them go, but he would not hear of it. 'Let them go!' he cried; 'are you mad? Do you not think that these fellows already suspect who we are? Does a man ever come into the presence of the dead, be they ever so well covered or disguised, without a feeling that they are dead? and see, some of our men are speaking to them; they are true bunji, and Davee has sent them.' 'As you will,' said I; 'but there may be more of them.' 'Hardly so soon,' replied he; 'these fellows must have left in the night to be here so early: but come, let us ask them.' And we walked up to them. 'Salam!' said I, 'where are you from so

early? you have travelled fast if you have come from the stage we hope to reach in the course of the day; how far is it?' 'It is seven long coss,' said the man; 'and the sun will be high and hot before you reach it; but we are in haste and must proceed.' 'Stay,' said I; 'dare not to move till you are allowed; and tell me, how many travellers put up last night in the village from whence you have come?' 'Two besides ourselves,' replied the other of the two, evidently in alarm at my question. 'Why do you ask?' 'Are you sure there were no more?' 'Certain,' he replied; 'we travelled together from Jubbulpore, and put up in the same house.' 'And how far are they behind you?' 'They will be here immediately, I should think, for we started at the same time but have outstript them.' 'Good,' said I; 'now sit down there and wait till they come.' 'Why is this?' cried both; 'by what right do you detain travellers? we will go on.' 'Dare to stir at your peril,' said I; 'you have intruded on us, and must pay the penalty.' 'What penalty? are you thieves? if so, take what you will from us and let us go.' 'We are not thieves,' said Peer Khan; 'but stay quiet, we are worse.' 'Worse! then, brother, we are lost,' cried one to the other; 'these villains are Thugs; it is even as I whispered to you when you must needs stop among them; they have been at their horrid work, and yonder lie those whom they have destroyed.' 'Yes,' said I, 'unhappy men, you have guessed tight; yonder lie the dead, and you will soon be numbered with them; it is useless to strive against your destiny.' I turned away, for I felt, Sahib—I felt sick at the thoughts of destroying these inoffensive people. They might have passed on—but Peer Khan was right; they had detected the dead, though the bodies had been laid out and covered as if the senseless forms were sleeping—but they lay like lumps of clay. No measured breathing disturbed the folds of the sheets which covered them; and a glance had been sufficient to tell the tale to the unfortunate people who had seen them. But I shook off the feeling as best I could; had I given way to it, or betrayed its existence to my associates, the power I possessed over them would have been lost—and it was the spirit of my existence. 'They must die,' said I to Peer Khan; 'you were right, and they had guessed the truth; but I wish it had been otherwise, and the lazy Lughaees had done their work quickly; they might have passed on, and we have had a good morning's work without them; they are not worth having.' 'I would not exchange places with them for any thing you could name, Meer Sahib; and perhaps it were well to put them out of their suspense.' 'Do so, Peer Khan, and get the rest with them removed; I will deal with one of the other two coming up. These fellows are half dead already with fear, and the others I will fall on in my own way; I hate such passive victims as these will be.' Peer Khan and another went to the miserable wretches, who remained sitting on the ground where we had left them. I watched them; they stood up mechanically when they were ordered to do so, and stretched out their necks for the fatal roomal, and were slain as unresistingly as sheep beneath the knife of the butcher. The rest of the travellers were not long coming, and were only two, as the others had said. 'Now,' said I to Motee, 'these fellows must be dealt with at once; you take one, I will the other; they must not utter a word.' 'I am ready,' said he; and we arose and lounged about the road.

The travellers came up. One was a young and the other an old man. I marked the young one, and as he passed me a Thug laid hold of his arm; he turned round to resent it, and I was ready. These, too, were carried away; and, after collecting our dispersed party, we once more pursued our route without interruption. It had been a good morning's work.

At one period, Ameer Ali and his Thugs joined a Pindaree force, and witnessed acts more diabolical than their own. Ghuffoor Khan, one of the Pindaree commanders, in the sacking of a town, furnishes the following appalling story:—

'Ghuffoor Khan was busy too. I had completed my work; I had torn ornaments from the females, terrified their husbands and fathers into giving up their small hoards of money; and having got all I could, I was preparing to leave the town in company with my Thugs, who never separated from me. We were passing through the main street on our return, when our attention was attracted to a good-looking house, from which issued the most piercing screams of terror and agony. I instantly dismounted, and bidding my men follow me, we rushed into the house. Never shall I forget the scene which met my eyes, which [when] we reached the place from whence the screams proceeded. There was Ghuffoor Khan, with seven or eight of his men, engaged in a horrid work. Three dead bodies lay on the floor weltering in their blood, which poured from the still warm corpses. Two were fine young men, the other an elderly woman. Before Ghuffoor Khan stood a venerable man, suffering under the torture of having a horse's nose-bag full of hot ashes tied over his mouth, while one of the khan's followers struck him incessantly on the back with the hilt of his sword. The miserable wretch was half choked, and it was beyond his power to have uttered a word in reply to the interrogations which were thundered in his ear by the khan himself as to where his treasure was concealed. Three young women, of great beauty, were engaged in a fruitless scuffle with the others of Ghuffoor Khan's party; and their disordered appearance and heart-rending shrieks too well told what had been their fate previous to my entrance. What could I do? I dared not openly have attacked the khan, though I half drew my sword from its scabbard, and would have rushed on him; but he was my superior, and had I then put him and his men to death, it could not have been concealed from Cheetoo,—and what would have been my fate? So checking the momentary impulse, which I had so nearly followed, I approached him, and endeavoured to withdraw his attention from the horrible work in which he was engaged. 'Come, Khan Sahib,' I cried, 'near us is a house which has resisted my utmost efforts to enter: I want you to aid me, and, Inshallah! it will repay the trouble, for I have heard that it is full of money and jewels, as the family is rich.' I did not tell a lie, for I had endeavoured to break open the gate of a large house, but desisted when I was informed that it was uninhabited. 'Wait awhile,' said he; 'I have had rare sport here; these fools must needs oppose our entrance with drawn weapons, and I got a scratch on the arm from one of them myself. But what could they do—the kaffirs! against a true believer? They fell in this room, and their old mother too, by my own sword. My men have been amusing themselves with their wives; whilst I, you see, am trying to get what I can out of this

obstinate old villain; but he will not listen to reason, and I have been obliged to make him taste hot ashes.' 'Perhaps he has naught to give,' said I; 'at any rate, he cannot speak while that bag is over his mouth; let it be removed, and we will hear what he has to say.' 'Try it,' said the khan; 'but we shall make nothing of him you will see.' 'Remove the bag,' cried I to the Pindharee, who was behind him; 'let him speak; and bring some water; his throat is full of ashes.' The bag was removed, and a vessel full of water, which was in a corner of the room, was brought and put to his lips; but he rejected it with loathing, for he was a Hindoo and a Brahmin. 'Drink!' cried the infuriated khan, at beholding his gesture; 'drink, or, by Alla, I will force it down thy throat! Kafir, to whom the urine of a cow is a delicacy, darest thou refuse water from the hands of a Moslem?' 'Blood-thirsty devil!' said the old man, in a husky voice, 'water from thy hands, or any of thy accursed race, would poison me! I would rather drink my own sons' blood, which is flowing yonder, than such pollution!' 'Ha! sayest thou so? then, in the name of the blessed Prophet, thou shalt taste it! Here, Sumund Khan, get some up from the floor; yonder is a cup—fill it to the brim; the old man shall drink it, as he would the wine of Paradise!' 'Hold!' cried I to Ghuffoor Khan; 'you would not do so inhuman an act?' 'Nay, interfere not,' said the khan, setting his teeth; 'you and I, Meer Sahib, are friends—let us remain so; but we shall quarrel if I am hindered in my purpose; and has he not said he preferred it to pure water?' Sumund Khan had collected the blood, and the cup was half filled with the warm red liquid—a horrible draught, which he now presented to the miserable father. 'Drink!' said he, offering the cup with a mock polite gesture; 'think it Ganges water, and it will open thy heart to tell us where thy treasures are.' Ghuffoor Khan laughed loudly. 'By Alla! thou hast a rare wit, Sumund Khan; the idea should be written in a book: I will tell Cheetoo of it.' But the old man turned from them with loathing, and his chest heaved as though he were about to be sick. 'There's no use wasting time,' cried Ghuffoor Khan; 'open his mouth with your dagger, and pour the draught into it!' It was done; by Alla! Sahib, the two did it before my eyes,—fiends that they were! Not only did they pour the blood down the old man's throat, but in forcing open his mouth they cut his lips in a ghastly manner, and his cheek was laid open. 'Now tell us where the gold is!' cried Ghuffoor Khan. 'Of what use is this obstinacy? Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that one blow of my sword will send thee to Jehanum, where those fools are gone before thee?'—and he pointed to the dead. 'Strike!' cried the sufferer,—'strike! your blow will be welcome; I am old, and fit for death. Why do ye delay?' 'But the gold,—the treasures!' roared the khan, stamping on the ground. 'Why, are you a fool?' 'Gold, I have told ye, I have none,' he replied; 'I told you so at first, but ye would not listen. We gave you all we had, and ye were not satisfied. Ye have murdered my sons and my wife, and dishonoured my daughters. Kill us all, and we will be thankful.' 'Hear him!' cried the khan savagely; 'he mocks us. O the wilful wickedness of age!—is it not proverbial? One of you bring some oil and a light; we will see whether this humour can stand my final test, which has never yet failed.' By this time the house was full of Pindharees, and, if I had

wished it, I had not dared to interfere further. I stood looking on, determined to let him have his course; he was only hastening his own fate, and why should I prevent it? The oil was brought, and a quantity of rags were torn from the dhotees, or waist-cloths, of the murdered men. They were dipped in the oil, and wound round the fingers of the old man to as great a thickness as was possible. 'Now bring a light,' cried the khan, 'and hold him fast.' A light was kindled, and the man held it in his hand. 'I give you a last chance,' said the khan, speaking from between his closed teeth; 'you know, I dare say, the use your fingers will be put to; be quick and answer, or I will make torches of them, and they shall light me to your treasures, which I warrant are hidden in some dark hole.' 'Do your worst!' answered the old man, in a desperate tone. 'Ye will not kill me; and if my sufferings will in any way gratify you, even let it be so; for Narayun has given me into your power, and it is his will and not yours which does this. You will not hear me cry out though my arms were burnt off to the sockets.—I spit at you!'—Light the rags!' roared Ghuffoor Khan; 'this is not to be endured.' They were lit—one by one they blazed up, while his hands were forcibly held down to his sides to accelerate the effect of the fire. Alla, Alla! it was a sickening sight. The warm flesh of the fingers hissed under the blaze of the oiled rags, which were fed from time to time with fresh oil, as men pour it upon a torch. The old man had overrated his strength. What nerves could bear such exquisite torture? His shrieks were piteous, and would have melted a heart of stone; but Ghuffoor Khan heeded them not: he stood glutting his savage soul with the sufferings of the wretched creature before him, and asking him from time to time, with the grin of the devil, whether he would disclose his treasures. But the person he addressed was speechless, and after nature was fairly exhausted he sunk down in utter insensibility. 'You have killed him,' I exclaimed. 'For the love of Alla, let him alone, and let us depart; what more would you have? either he has no money, or he will not give it up.'—'Where be those daughters of a defiled mother?' cried he to his followers, not heeding what I said to him. 'Where are they? Bring them forward, that I may ask them about the money, for money there must be.' But they too were dead! ay, they had been murdered also; by whom I know not, but their bodies were found in the next room weltering in their blood. The news was brought to the khan, and he was more savage than ever; he gnashed his teeth like a wild beast; he was fearful to look on. The old man had revived, for water had been poured on his face and on his fingers; he raised himself up, looked wildly about him, and then gazed piteously on his mutilated hands. Were they men or devils by whom he was surrounded? By Alla! Sahib, they were not men, for they laughed at him and his almost unconscious actions. 'Speak!' cried the khan, striking him with his sword, 'speak, kafir! or more tortures are in store for thee.' But he spoke not—he was more than half-dead: misery and torture had done their utmost. The khan drew his sword. Again he cried, 'Speak!' as he raised the weapon above his head. I fancied I saw the old man's lips smile, and move as though he would have spoken: he cast his eyes upwards, but no word escaped him. The sword was quivering over his head in the nervous grasp of the khan; and seeing he got no answer, it descended with its full force on the

old man's forehead, almost dividing the head in two. Need I say he was instantly dead? I was satisfied; Ghuffoor Khan's cup too was full; for my own determination was made on that spot.—I swore it to myself as I looked at the dead and rushed from the house.

And if ever Thug did a righteous deed, it was in the strangling of this monster. But we have not room to tell of his justifiable end; nor any other of the incredible incidents with which these volumes abound. They are altogether so curious, that even the revolting nature of the system which they unfold, in all its details, cannot keep them from general circulation; and indeed, as a theme on which to try the profoundest speculations upon the being MAN, their revelations are unequalled by all we have ever read of cruelty and butchery.

Three Months in the North; including Excursions in Tellemarck and Ringerige: with an Itinerary. By George Downes, M.A. &c. 12mo. pp. circ. 160. Edinburgh, 1839. Blackwoods; London, Cadell; Dublin, Cumming.

MR. DOWNES has held the pen of a various writer for some twenty years. His translations from Sophocles, poetry, travels, guides, and other productions, have from time to time come before us, and been noticed as they deserved. The present small volume is, as far as it goes, a useful addition to the late tours in the North with which the public has been favoured by several authors; and in the Appendix are illustrations of northern literature and antiquities, which give an interest to these branches of pleasing inquiry. An extract relating to the excursion from Christiania into Tellemarck will serve to shew the character of the work, and the wild and primitive nature of the country and its inhabitants:—

"Towards midnight we emerged from the forest, and I dimly discerned a group of cottages. This was Bolkesjoe, a farm where we were to abide for the night. Under the guidance of Dame B. we entered a substantial wooden building, two stories high. On ascending the stairs I found myself in a corridor tenanted by a *cariole*, one of those small light vehicles so common in Norway, which are the very reverse of our *sociables*, being intended for one person alone. My chamber breathed of primitive times. At one side were two beds, or rather square wooden cribs, and the walls were full of pious inscriptions, among which was one over the beds importing:—

'True fear of God, the seed of virtuous acts,
Guides you to all that God or law exacts.'

I rose early to survey the premises. On stepping out I found myself in a field, in which were above a dozen buildings, formed of solid trunks of trees, and resembling rather a hamlet than a solitary farm. The principal one was the dwelling-house—a distinct building from the inn, of which we were the sole occupants—another a repository for wood, another a car-house. In a kind of oblong trough, on the slope of a hillock, grew a few tufts of grain, and wisps of vegetables. The scene around was of a stunted Alpine character. On the west rose the Gousta, the highest mountain in the south of Norway; and below the farm extended a lake, into which ran a pine-covered headland, a prolongation of our midnight forest. We were now in Upper Tellemarck—the boundary between the government of Bradsberg, to which it belongs, and that of Buskerude, in which Kongsberg is situated, lying between this and Moen. As I issued from my nocturnal abode Dame B. issued from hers,

and shortly after Gulich, the *gudeman* himself, appeared in a green jacket and brown breeches, both highly embroidered. He is a substantial farmer, is considered to be an intelligent and courteous man, and has even sat in the *Storting*, or Norwegian parliament. Our breakfast-room contained his library, consisting of a few shelves of theology and law—meet studies for the man and the senator. Among the profane works was a Danish translation of Jouy's 'Morals applied to Politics.' This wigwam was a complete academy of inscriptions. On a drinking-bowl was one importing:—

'The ale, in sooth, is good to drink,
But many have no cash to chink.'

"A long day's journey intervened between Mogen and Kongsberg, distant seven Norwegian miles and three-quarters. This journey afforded us no favourable specimen of Norwegian posting. The first station was Stjerne. Here, and at the second, Rodstaet, we had to wait a long time for horses, which are furnished by the peasants, as there are no regular post-horses on the roads in Norway. At the third station, Giellerud, a girl, sent in quest of a relay, soon returned. However, there was no appearance of a carriage; and I was marvelling how we should get on, when I observed an old man with a plank and saw in his hands descending towards the road, and it instantly struck me that he was going to *build one*. I was quite right. On the road I had noticed a common cart, which had already caused me some misgivings. On this the old innovator nailed a piece of the plank, by way of a seat, while a sack of chaff supplied the cushion. I entered my protest against this proceeding in the post-regulation-book; but I afterwards heard at Kongsberg that the postmasters are not bound to furnish carriages at all, though the charge for carriages is defined by law as well as that for horses. At Srenneund, the post-station next to Kongsberg, there was an auction, which appeared to have called all the resources of the rural wardrobe into play. Young Norwegian dandies were strutting about with all the pride which a consciousness of buttons and embroidery could inspire; and many a Norwegian dandy felt exalted at the idea that one day the whole concern would be *here*—dandy, buttons, and all! Our appearance, of course, gave no inconsiderable zest to the entertainment; few English travellers, I believe, ever passing this way. The peasants—many of whom, to judge from the number of horses, had come from a distance—were very civil, and made way for me as I approached to gratify the whim of buying some article. I listened to the numerals discharged from the mouths of the bystanders; and, when satisfied that there was no danger of my confounding the terminations *teen* and *ty*, I successfully bid for a couple of handkerchiefs, enhancing the price by some fraction of a penny, paid the king's duty, and carried them off in triumph."

Letters from Germany and Belgium. By an Autumn Tourist. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE preface to this agreeable little volume offers the common apology, that the Letters were "intended chiefly to gratify personal friends," and make "no pretensions to the character of finished productions, such as the public usually look for," which is rather too much in the way of crying stale fish; for if not fit for the public, works ought not to be published. Well, we will attribute the excuse to modesty; but, as the larger portion of the contents has

already appeared in monthly periodicals, we are, by our system, prohibited from the usual illustrations, which would be repetitions of familiar things. We can truly say, however, that from Hamburg to Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Toeplitz, Prague, Vienna, Lintz, Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Mayence, Brussels, &c. &c., the country, and the places themselves are briefly but cleverly described; and that for travellers pursuing this route, or any part of it, the book will be found to be both very convenient and useful. We transcribe a few lines at hazard:—

"Continental travelling embraces so great a variety of pleasures, commencing with activity and change of air for the benefit of health; and offering an ever-changing field for observation and reflection, that it would perhaps be difficult to conceive any more delightful combination of terrestrial enjoyments. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that, from a refined and wealthy nation such as England, nearly 150,000 roamers are generally to be found scattered through the various states of the Continent; to whom travelling yields health and recreation abundantly, as well as a certain measure of acquaintance with the leading characteristics of other people. Another of its advantages, and perhaps not the least wonderful, is the impression it produces on the mind, by causing time to be viewed through such a varied and magnifying medium as to create an apparent increase of existence; for three months, well employed in this manner, actually appear, when viewed retrospectively, as lengthened out into several times their natural extent. So much having been seen, felt, admired, and learned, in a brief period, one feels strongly disposed to doubt the possibility of such a concentration of impressions; thus confirming a theory with which you are no doubt familiar, that the mind naturally estimates time chiefly by the number or succession of ideas and events. There is, however, another view to be taken of continental travelling, which it is not altogether so agreeable for one's patriotism to remember; and that is the inconceivable amount of money thus scattered abroad, which, if distributed at home, would tend to the relief of distress, and to the improvement, in a thousand different ways, of our own country and our own people. The national loss thus sustained is, perhaps, not generally estimated at its full amount; for reckoning the medium number of English residents and travellers abroad at 125,000, which is the usual calculation, and taking 150*l.* as the average expenditure of each, it will amount to the enormous sum of above eighteen millions and a half sterling annually."

Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

[Second notice.]

WE continue, according to promise, our review of Mr. Hallam's book.

When we talk of the Elizabethan style, or the Elizabethan period of literature, we use an expression which is not altogether correct; for the forty-four years of Elizabeth's reign embraced more than one period and style both in poetry and in prose. The literature of the earlier years of this reign exhibits much of the simplicity of the older popular literature, but it is rather mediocre; in the middle of the reign, the taste for learning and foreign languages mixed with the peculiar character of the court of the virgin queen, produced a style that was full of pedantry and far-fetched conceits; whilst in the later years of this century we have the first examples of that pure and nervous style

which characterised so many of the writers of the following age. In illustration of what we have just said, we need only observe that the celebrated play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" was written in the earlier years, and that some of the best pieces of Shakspeare appeared in the latter years, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first who broke through the dulness of the earlier period was Sackville, who wrote the "Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates." We will begin with Hallam's account of this poem:—

"Sackville's 'Induction' forms a link which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the 'Faery Queen.' It would certainly be vain to look in Chaucer, wherever Chaucer is original, for the grand creations of Sackville's fancy; yet we should never find any one who would rate Sackville above Chaucer. The strength of an eagle is not to be measured only by the height of his place, but by the time that he continues on the wing. Sackville's 'Induction' consists of a few hundred lines; and even in these there is a monotony of gloom and sorrow, which prevents us from wishing it to be longer. It is truly styled, by Campbell, 'a landscape on which the sun never shines.' Chaucer is various, flexible, and observant of all things in outward nature, or in the heart of man. But Sackville is far above the frigid elegance of Surrey; and, in the first days of the virgin reign, is the herald of that splendour in which it was to close. English poetry was not speedily animated by the example of Sackville. His genius stands absolutely alone in the age to which, as a poet, he belongs. Not that there was any deficiency in the number of versifiers; the Muses were honoured by the frequency, if not by the dignity, of their worshippers. A different sentence will be found in some books; and it has become common to elevate the Elizabethan age in one indiscriminating panegyric. For wise counsellors, indeed, and acute politicians, we could not perhaps extol one part of that famous reign at the expense of another. Cecil and Bacon, Walsingham, Smith, and Sadler, belong to the earlier days of the queen. But in a literary point of view, the contrast is great between the first and second moiety of her four-and-forty years. We have seen this already in other subjects than poetry; and in that we may appeal to such parts of the 'Mirror of Magistrates' as are not written by Sackville, to the writings of Churchyard, or to those of Gouge and Turberville. These writers scarcely venture to leave the ground, or wander in the fields of fancy. They even abstain from the ordinary commonplaces of verse, as if afraid that the reader should distrust or misinterpret their images."

We think Mr. Hallam's criticism on the pastoral poetry of Spenser extremely judicious:—

"An epoch was made, if we may draw an inference from the language of contemporaries, by the publication of Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' in 1579. His primary idea, that of adapting a pastoral to every month of the year, was pleasing and original, though he has frequently neglected to observe the season, even when it was most abundant in appropriate imagery. But his 'Calendar' is, in another respect, original, at least when compared with the pastoral writings of that age. This species of composition had become so much the favourite of courts, that no language was thought to suit it but that of courtiers; which, with all its false beauties of thought and expression, was transferred to the mouths of shepherds. A striking instance of this had lately been

shewn in the 'Aminta;' and it was a proof of Spenser's judgment, as well as genius, that he struck out a new line of pastoral, far more natural, and therefore more pleasing, so far as imitation of nature is the source of poetical pleasure, instead of vieing, in our more harsh and uncultivated language, with the consummate elegance of Tasso. It must be admitted, however, that he fell too much into the opposite extreme, and gave a Doric rudeness to his dialogue, which is a little repulsive to our taste. The dialect of Theocritus is musical to our ears, and free from vulgarity; praises which we cannot bestow on the uncouth provincial rusticity of Spenser. He has been less justly censured on another account, for intermingling allusions to the political history and religious differences of his own times; and an ingenious critic has asserted that the description of the grand and beautiful objects of nature, with well-selected scenes of rural life, real but not coarse, constitute the only proper materials of pastoral poetry. These limitations, however, seem little conformable to the practice or the taste of mankind; and if Spenser has erred in the allegorical part of his pastorals, he has done so in company with most of those who have tuned the shepherd's pipe. Several of Virgil's 'Eclogues,' and certainly the best, have a meaning beyond the simple songs of the hamlet; and it was notorious that the Portuguese and Spanish pastoral romances, so popular in Spenser's age, teemed with delineations of real character, and sometimes were the mirrors of real story. In fact, mere pastoral must soon become insipid, unless it borrows something from active life or elevated philosophy. The most interesting parts of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' are of this description; for Spenser has not displayed the powers of his own imagination so strongly as we might expect in pictures of natural scenery. This poem has spirit and beauty in many passages, but is not much read in the present day; nor does it seem to be approved by modern critics. It was otherwise formerly. Webbe, in his 'Discourse of English Poetry,' 1586, calls Spenser 'the rightest English poet he ever read,' and thinks he would have surpassed Theocritus and Virgil, 'if the coarseness of our speech had been no greater impediment to him, than their pure native tongues were to them.' And Drayton says: 'Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for the immortality of his name, had he only given us his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' a masterpiece, if any.'"

The following are Mr. Hallam's remarks on the ballad-poetry of this age. For our own part, we are led, by various circumstances which we have observed, to believe that the distinction between Scottish ballads and English ballads, unless we take it with respect to the age alone, is quite fictitious. We are inclined to think that not only the ballads themselves, with the exception of the local ones, but that the airs, also, existed at an earlier period in England. The poetry of the minstrel, repeated with accidental variations from age to age, lived in the memory, and not in books, and it was only by a fortunate accident that any particular ballad was committed to writing. The very existence of the true minstrel depended upon that feudal spirit of clanship which disappeared in England, particularly in the southern and midland parts, at a comparatively early period, but which continued to exist in Scotland up to recent times. At the era of which we are now speaking, this spirit of clanship, among that part of the population of Scotland which spoke a Saxon

dialect, was strongest on the English borders, and was still felt, though in a somewhat less degree, throughout the northern counties of England. As this spirit had disappeared from the south, the representatives of the older minstrels took shelter in, and were confined to, the northern districts; and with them still lived that class of poetry which, in its pure form, had in the time of Elizabeth long disappeared from the parts where it had previously flourished. A few coincidences which we have ourselves remarked, confirm us strongly in this view of the case; which, it may be observed, explains exactly the circumstances stated by Mr. Hallam:—

"It would be a great omission to neglect, in any review of the Elizabethan poetry, that extensive, though anonymous class, the Scots and English ballads. The very earliest of these have been adverted to in our account of the fifteenth century. They became much more numerous in the present. The age of many may be determined by historical or other allusions; and from these, availing ourselves of similarity of style, we may fix, with some probability, the date of such as furnish no distinct evidence. This, however, is precarious, because the language has often been modernised; and passing for some time by oral tradition, they are frequently not exempt from marks of interpolation. But upon the whole, the reigns of Mary and James VI., from the middle to the close of the sixteenth century, must be reckoned the golden age of the Scottish ballad; and there are many of the corresponding period in England. There can be, I conceive, no question as to the superiority of Scotland in her ballads. Those of an historic or legendary character, especially the former, are ardently poetical; the nameless minstrel is often inspired with an Homeric power of rapid narration, bold description, lively or pathetic touches of sentiment. They are familiar to us through several publications, and chiefly through the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' by one whose genius these indigenous lays had first excited, and whose own writings, when the whole civilised world did homage to his name, never ceased to bear the indelible impress of the associations that had thus been generated. The English ballads of the northern border, or, perhaps, of the northern counties, come nearer in their general character and cast of manners to the Scottish; but, as far as I have seen, with a manifest inferiority. Those, again, which belong to the south, and bear no trace either of the rude manners or of the wild superstitions which the bards of Ettrick and Cheviot display, fall generally into a creeping style, which has exposed the common ballad to contempt. They are sometimes, nevertheless, not devoid of elegance, and often pathetic. The best are known through Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,' a collection singularly heterogeneous, and very unequal in merit, but from the publication of which in 1774, some of high name have dated the arrival of a genuine feeling for true poetry in the public mind."

We now come to the chapter on the English Stage, during the age of Elizabeth, in which Mr. Hallam has made due use (which they well merit) of the labours of Mr. Collier on this interesting part of our literary history. Mr. Hallam observes of Shakspeare:—

"Of William Shakspeare, whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said, that we scarcely know any thing. We see him, so far as we do see

him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he was manifested; he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakspeare. The two greatest names in poetry are to us little more than names. If we are not yet come to question his unity, as we do that of 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,' an improvement in critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity, we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of 'Macbeth' and 'Lear,' as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer. All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakspeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draught of his will, or the orthography of his name, that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary can be produced."

For the detailed criticisms on Shakspeare, which are generally too long to extract, we refer to the work itself. We will similarly abstain from several extracts which we had marked out, and will close our notice this week with two short passages. On the whole, we think Mr. Hallam has hardly appreciated some of our earlier popular prose literature. The controversial tracts of the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, such as those by Thomas Norton, are often well written, and display no little eloquence. If we go back still further, the prose writings of the Wickliffites are extremely vigorous and elegant as compositions; and the same may be said of some of the older English Catholic writings. On the prose writers of Elizabeth's reign, Mr. Hallam closes with the following general observations:—

"It must be owned, however, by every one not absolutely blinded by a love of scarce books, that the prose literature of the queen's reign, taken generally, is but very mean. The pedantic euphuism of Lilly overspreads the productions which aspire to the praise of politeness; while the common style of most pieces of circumstance, like those of Martin Mar-Prelate and his answers (for there is little to choose in this respect between parties), or of such efforts at wit and satire as came from Greene, Nash, and other worthies of our early stage, is low, and, with a few exceptions, very stupid ribaldry. Many of these have a certain utility in the illustration of Shakspeare and of ancient manners, which is neither to be overlooked in our contempt for such trash nor to be mistaken for intrinsic merit. If it is alleged that I have not read enough of the Elizabethan literature to censure it, I must reply, that, admitting my slender acquaintance with the numberless little books that some years since used to be sold at vast prices, I may still draw an inference from the inability of their admirers, or at least purchasers, to produce any tolerable specimens. Let the labours of Sir Egerton Brydges, the British bibliographer, the 'Censura Literaria,' the 'Restituta,' collections so copious, and formed with so much industry, speak for the prose of the queen's reign. I would again repeat, that good sense in plain language was not always wanting upon serious subjects; it is to polite writing alone that

we now refer. Spenser's 'Dialogue upon the State of Ireland,' the 'Brief Conceits of English Policy,' and several other tracts, are written as such treatises should be written; but they are not to be counted in the list of eloquent or elegant compositions."

On Literary Correspondence:—

"Another source of information was the correspondence of scholars with each other. It was their constant usage, far more than in modern times, to preserve an epistolary intercourse. If their enmities were often bitter, their contentions almost always violent, many beautiful instances of friendship and sympathy might be adduced on the other side; they deemed themselves a distinct class, a priesthood of the same altar, not ashamed of poverty, nor disheartened by the world's neglect, but content with the praise of those whom themselves thought worthy of praise, and hoping something more from posterity than they obtained from their own age."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Forty Sermons; with an Introductory Essay on the Origin, Rights, and Duties of the National Church. By the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D. 8vo. Pp. 463. London, 1839. Parker; Rivingtons; Hatchards; Rickerby; Rice.

We can hardly speak too highly of this volume, which does honour to the author in his position as a divine belonging to the Established Church, to his talents as a literary man, and to his intellectual capacity as an enlightened judge of all that concerns the religious instruction of the English people. If he firmly asserts the rights of the Church, he does not disguise its duties; if he ably traces its origin and authority, he does not shrink from declaring the improvements which the progress of society has rendered expedient. The introductory essay, though short, is very impressive; and the sermons inculcating, in language well suited to the different subjects, every obligation of religion and morality—what we owe to God, our neighbours, and ourselves—are of so eminently virtuous and practical an order, that we do not hesitate most earnestly to recommend them to every Christian and Christian family.

Des Idées Napoléoniennes. Par le Prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte. 8vo. Pp. 229. Londres, 1839. Colburn.

THE political character of this volume, the views it takes of the measures of Napoleon, and, we presume, the ulterior views for the promotion of which it is published, remove it from the category of our literary review. All we can say of it is, that it is written with elegance and spirit, justifies the reign and all the plans of the Emperor, and ascribes his fall to his attempting to accomplish too much for the liberty of France and the benefit of Europe, within too short a space of time; because, in short, "Il voulut, en dix ans d'empire, faire l'ouvrage de plusieurs siècles."

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Edited by his Brother, John Davy, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. I. Memoirs of his Life. Pp. 475. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A PORTRAIT, from a bust of the distinguished individual to whose collected works this biographical volume is a prelude, adorns it as a frontispiece; and there are autographs and other illustrations. The *Memoirs* appear to us not to be very materially altered from the *Life* already separately published by Dr. Davy; and therefore we need only speak of the present edition as a necessary portion of the

valuable philosophical and other interesting productions of Sir Humphry Davy.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell. 12mo. Pp. 278. London, 1839. Moxon.

A VERY pretty edition of the life of our most distinguished female tragedian. Could we have one like her now, or even within many degrees of her excellence, what a treasure it would be for the stage! It is in this department that we are most lamentably deficient; and the want weakens the cast of almost every lofty play.

A Letter from Peter Wilkins to Isaac Tomkins. Pp. 24. (London, Southgate).—A bitter political attack on Lord Brougham. The following, however, is but too generally applicable, and we quote the reproof in the hope that it may be considered by some one or other:—

"To be serious and 'review' a little—public men are greatly changed from what they were once, when the point of honour was to abide by the result of long study and matured judgment. A forty years' opinion is now flung overboard in a moment of caprice. Insincerity is the law of the day; the people are duped openly now to a degree unparalleled; seal and good offices from individuals, acknowledged by many professions of obligation, are repaid with coldness and evasion by public men who can benefit their own selfishness no longer by them; just as the people are made the victims of a more extended insincerity. The bonds of high feeling in politics seem now to be loosened; public men without political honour are every where encountered. To the old severity and pride of character, to the dread of the impeachment of judgment, and the destruction of the bond of public respect, has succeeded a recklessness of public opinion, if a name can but be obtained—if men can only be talked about. There is more of Fieschi than we dream of in the world—of spirits that would dare all things for a damnation to everlasting fame."

The Authors of France, &c., by Achilles Alblitt, B.A., and H.L. Pp. 71. (London, Longman and Co.)—A *coup d'œil* over the literature of France: a mere outline it is true, but a pleasing little book,—a sort of historical and anecdotal catalogue.

On the Eulogising, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, &c., by H. Marshall, F.R.S.E. 8vo. pp. 259. (Edinburgh, Chambers; London, Orr and Co.)—That a work of this class should have reached a second edition, is a proof of its value. The Deputy Inspector-general of Hospitals has done a praiseworthy duty in giving it to the public, and shewn himself a true friend to the army.

Travels in the East, &c., by A. de Lamartine. (Edinburgh, Chambers; London, Orr and Co.)—This is with justice called the "People's Edition," for it is a good translation of Lamartine's well-known and highly-appreciated work, in an 8vo. of 230 pp. and double columns, at the price of 3s. 6d. A memoir of the author is also given, and explanatory notes. In another form, the cost must be four or five times as much.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WATER-SPOUTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your Number of the 29th June, I observe you express a wish to obtain information from those who have been accustomed to observe water-spouts, under what appearance they first present themselves. Having myself, on various occasions, been surrounded by many of them during calms in the West Indies, I beg to acquaint you that they have generally presented themselves as issuing from black clouds, from twenty to thirty yards in diameter, from the centre of which would descend a funnel of about the size of a beer-barrel of six or eight feet in length, which, when it had descended about that distance, would be again drawn up by an apparent suction of a body in the clouds; from which it would again descend about double the first distance of its first descent, when it would again, from an apparent suction, be drawn up into itself, and thus alternately react, until it came in contact with the sea, which it appeared to act upon as a pump, by drawing up the water into the cloud; which, when it became surcharged, disgorged itself again into the sea, and so continued to act, until the power acted upon it within the cloud became apparently exhausted, and the cloud itself dispersed. In short, when I saw one of the kind of funnels which I have described, it always reminded me of one of those powder-puffs which my servant, half a century ago, used to make use of to give my head a

frosted appearance; and which powder-puff he contracted or elongated as circumstances required. Such appeared to me the water-spouts as above described by, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

July 16th, 1839.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE.

A RECENT number of Bennet's "New York Herald" contains the following account of the successful application of the Electro-Magnetic Principle:—

"Yesterday morning we visited a new establishment, erected at 58 Gold Street, for the construction of machinery to be put in motion by the application of the electro-magnetic fluid, or spirit. In the apartments we found several machines in different states of construction—one of them, of a large size, being then in operation. The machine in operation consists of a large wheel, of about sixteen or seventeen feet in circumference, placed in a vertical position, and surrounded with four large magnets operating on its outward circumference, with the smaller ones near the centre. Within a few inches stands the galvanic battery, for the generation of the fluid that sets the whole in motion. The construction of the battery is so well known, that it is hardly necessary to enter upon a description. It is in the form of a rectangular tub; in which is placed a series of zinc and copper plates, immersed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. The battery is attached to the large electric wheel by a series of metallic conductors. The operation of the wheel is most striking. In a certain portion of the machinery the fluid, interrupted in its movements, emits, with a snapping noise like a percussion-cap, vivid and most brilliant flashes of light, equal in intensity to the lightning of heaven. This succession of flashes continues during the operation of the machinery. We put our finger into the centre of the flash, but no sensation, except the ordinary one, was produced—but on the application of a piece of steel, the material was melted into red and orange sparks, and gradually corroded under the action of the fluid. The movement of this machine presents one of the most beautiful and extraordinary experiments in electro-magnetism that we ever witnessed. But its beauty and magnificence are its least recommendation. It brings us at once to a new era in mechanics and motion. This wheel is equal in power to that of two able-bodied Irishmen, in giving movement to any kind of machinery. Another machine was shewn us, equal to four or five men; and preparations are making to construct machines of any extent of power. This new application of the electric spirit, or fluid, has removed all the difficulties which Cook and Davenport met with, two years ago, in their attempts at the same thing. We are making arrangements on ourself to set aside our steam engine, and to procure one of these electric machines to drive our double-cylinder printing press. We learn that a machine suitable for our purposes will cost about three hundred dollars, and that the expense of keeping it a-going all the time will be only equal to twenty-five cents per day, consisting of sulphuric acid to supply the battery, exclusive of the metallic plates of zinc and copper, which are only changed at long intervals. The company of private gentlemen who have brought this great invention to perfection have expended about 12,000 dollars in experiments, during the last year. They have procured a patent right and a charter, and they will probably organise themselves very soon. They will

then receive subscriptions for the stock. On the whole, we look upon the invention of applying the power of the electric fluid to mechanics and motion as now complete. Every difficulty has been surmounted, and some of the first engineers of America and Europe have acknowledged the truth of what we now say. It is, beyond a doubt, one of the greatest and most wonderful inventions of the age. The safety, ease, economy, and power over such machinery, are beyond all other systems. The danger from fire is entirely obviated; for although the fluid, during the operation of the machinery, flashes forth in a succession of big, brilliant drops of liquid fire, to all appearance, yet a piece of paper, even gunpowder, may be applied to this apparent fire, but no ignition takes place. It ignites steel or iron, or other metals, but no non-conducting substances. We trust the proprietors will open their thunder and lightning manufactory, and let the public see the extraordinary invention which is now brought to inimitable perfection. In less than a month we hope to print the "Herald" by the operation of the same fluid which forms the thunder and flashes through the heavens in lightning."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As my son was endeavouring, on Monday last, to get a nibble from some poor gudgeon, or other simpleton of the finny tribe, in the New River, his hook became entangled with sundry MS. letters of men, the giants of those days; such as Samuel Johnson, Addison, and other *cjus generis*. Many others, it appears by his statement, and that of two piscatory attendants, were floating in the stream beyond the length of his rod and line. Those brought home by the little "fool at the one end," as Johnson has partially defined fishing, were in such a state, from aquatic saturation, as scarcely to be decipherable; yet I can make out clearly, after some pains, the following specimens, and more will be sent, if desired:—

Johnson to Richardson.

"Dear Sir,—I am extremely obliged by the favour you have done me. To quarrel with what is received, because one does not receive more, is not justifiable; yet I have almost a mind to retain these sheets. Will you send me the other volume? To wish me to go on as you have begun, would to many be a very kind wish; but you, sir, have, beyond all other men, the art of improving on yourself. I know not, therefore, how much to wish, as I know not how much to expect; but of this be certain, that much is expected from the author of 'Clarissa.' I am, sir, your obliged, humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Now what does this prove? A variety of the most obvious and interesting facts—the most startling of which, perhaps, is, that Johnson condescended to lower his colossal mind to the level of Richardson's, in aiding him in supplying sentimental and passion-feeding trash to the sensualists of those sensual and unintellectual times.

Another thing picked out of oblivion is from Addison to Wortley. *Verbatim et literatim*, as in the preceding case, it runneth thus:—

"Dear Sir,—The last time I had the honour to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you that I had been talking of your *tête-à-tête* to my Lord Harfax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiments. We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs.

By a mail just now arrived, we hear that the Duke of Marlborough had made a movement, to prevent the junction of the two armies under the Dukes of Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all, rather than lose little; and they of the army are of opinion that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de Villars and the Duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come from Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it: for the French letters own that, immediately after their pretended success, the Duke of Savoy took Exilles. I am, dear sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON."

"Aug. 17th, 1708, &c."

Another letter is from Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, &c. &c. These letters are certainly of considerable interest, and may be considered of great value to the parties who have lost them. Those which so accidentally have been preserved, shall be instantly restored to any one who can adequately describe them; and I deeply regret that the whole parcel was not within reach of my piscatorial juveniles. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,
J. M. F. W.

18 Devereux Court, Temple,
24th July, 1839.

FINE ARTS. THE NELSON COLUMN.

We have been much amused with the history of this famous column, which, now that the matter is settled, may, without injury to any one, be put on public record as a memorial how such things are done, and a sample of the excellences to be expected from the much-beset principle of public competition in national works of art.

The artist, as we formerly noticed, though an able architect, was utterly inexperienced in sculpture. Strongly backed, however, by *Somebody* who could, in the event of success, supply that portion of the monument, Mr. Railton's design—drawn, as we are informed, by another hand, and being in its columnar character simply an enlargement of one of Mr. Wilkin's fluted pillars in the portico of the National Gallery—was duly laid before the committee. Opinions in his favour were vouchsafed to the ears of a majority of these noblemen and gentlemen; and the votes, canvassed and influenced by such opinions, awarded the prize to the Brobdingnag column. The decision made, it became necessary to enter upon details, and a curious result ensued. The estimate was 30,000*l.*; viz. 14,000*l.* for the column, and 16,000*l.* for the sculpture; consisting of the statue of Nelson at the top, the relieves on the four sides of the pedestal, and the lions which were to watch the corners. Mr. Railton, of course, stated that he must employ *Somebody* to execute these works;—he himself would build up the granite, but as for the bronze he knew nothing of it. Then appeared the secret springs and movements by which the business had been managed; and the committee began to catch a glimmering light at the way, and for what purpose, they had been bamboozled.

It may readily be believed that their sense of their position was not exactly such as to render them complacent to others, or quite satisfied with themselves. Some of them felt as if they had been tricked into an immature decision, and they rather indignantly set their faces against finishing the job in the manner that had been hoped for. It was resolved, and we

think judiciously resolved, not to give the sculpture to any one individual, and especially to an individual who had not entered into the competition; but to divide it among the most eminent and meritorious of those artists who had answered their invitation, and sent in models for their judgment. Thus we understand that Mr. Bailey is to execute the statue of Nelson; Mr. Lough, the lion's guardant (his own sailors, or Mr. Worthington's, would be more appropriate); and several other distinguished artists the emblematical figures on the sides of the pedestal.

When all is completed, may we not truly say that this is a Monument of the *Composite class*!?

SKETCHES.

THE MACREADY DINNER.

In every thing that regarded the spirit and intention of this entertainment, the meeting went off with the utmost *clat*. The great hall was filled with company; the tables graced with a rare proportion of individuals, highly distinguished in various walks of life; and nothing could exceed the enthusiastic reception given to the Guest of the day, and the renewed thunders of applause whenever an allusion to him afforded an opportunity for expressing these sentiments of popular admiration and public and private esteem.

In the course of the evening, the assembly were addressed by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the chairman; who, in proposing the health of Mr. Macready, enlarged upon his merits as a gentleman, his talents as a member of the stage, and his patriotic exertions for the restoration of the English drama; and also by the Marquess of Conyngham, Mr. Milnes, Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Shiel, Lord Nugent, Sir Martin Shee, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Serle. All concurred in doing honour to the personal virtues, the genius, and the disinterested zeal and unbending integrity with which Mr. Macready had carried through the arduous struggle of two seasons, and once more placed the profession of an actor and the character of dramatic literature and representation upon that elevated position, without occupying which they are a disgrace instead of a credit to a civilised people.

There were two or three points which interfered somewhat with the perfect enjoyment of the scene, and which arose from the stewards not being conversant with the duties of their office, or taking any trouble to fulfil them. There was not one of their number at the side-tables to regulate their proceedings, and see to the comfort of the guests.* All were on the *dais*, and ranged at the topmost places, leaving the company to shift for themselves, and act as they liked. One of the consequences was a considerable and disagreeable inclination to noise at the "lower end of the hall," which interrupted the speakers, and often rendered them inaudible to the more quiet, who were anxious to hear them distinctly. Had stewards been at the bottom as croupiers, this would not have happened. Mr. Milnes' toast was another injudicious arrangement. The "Memory of Shakspeare" was not fit for an exhilarated and numerous social meeting. In a lecture-room, such a theme might be listened to; but on an occasion like this, where the many cared

* But for the excellent management of Messrs. Cuff, this would have been still more annoyingly felt. It is a curiosity to see how so crowded a company are provided for, and attended to, through their experienced arrangements.

only to see persons of some note, and application to the immediate business of the day, no eloquence upon any other topic could hope for attention; and these two causes co-operating, rendered Mr. Milnes' address, after a few sentences, a period of confusion. These trifling drawbacks, however, had no effect upon the general harmony, which was improved by the music under Mr. T. Cooke, with a delightful band of assistants, including Miss Rainforth, Miss Hawes, Hobbes, Bellamy, and other eminent vocalists.

The royal duke sat till eleven o'clock; and it may with truth be stated that there was nothing wanting which could gratify the feelings of the individual to do honour to whom the *fête* was given. A subscription was entered into, and above 300*l.* at once subscribed, to present him with a piece of plate; and it was more than once suggested that if the patent theatres again retrograded, a strenuous effort should be made to obtain a House worthy of the country of Shakspeare, and the labours and superintendence of Macready.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—*William Tell* has been produced; but it is, after all, a heavy opera, and we need not go into any criticism upon it.

Drury Lane.—At a stormy meeting of the proprietors on Wednesday, Lord Glengall in the chair, Mr. Dunn read the report of the managing (?) committee, from which it appeared that there was an arrear of rent within the last three years amounting to 12,211*l.*; and that last season only 1350*l.* had been paid out of the stipulated 6000*l.* Such is one of the results of degrading the stage; not to mention the severe privations and insults to which the performers have been exposed. It is true that the principal losers among them, those in the upper classes of the profession, are not to be pitted; for persons who lend themselves to countenance the lowest practices, and evince no feeling of self-respect, deserve to suffer with the cause they betray. The poorer orders, unhappily, cannot help themselves; and their condition is grievous.

After making the theatre what they have allowed it to be made, the proprietors have been fortunate in getting Mr. Hammond to take it for three years, at the reduced rent of 5000*l.* per annum.

Haymarket.—On Monday, Mr. Kean took his farewell benefit in *Hamlet*, which is thought to be his best character. The house was crowded to the utmost, and at the close the applause was of the most enthusiastic description. Covent Garden (market), as far as flowers are concerned, was thrown upon the stage of the Haymarket.

On Tuesday, Mr. Buckstone's new comedy, *Single Life*, was produced with entire success. The plot is amusing, and the principal characters truly original; the acting is in all parts equal to the author's conception; and to the buoyancy, activity, and unfailing exertions of the performers (including Mr. Buckstone), he is deeply indebted for the unequivocal reception of the piece. We have some difficulty in particularising where all are so good: but Mr. Strickland's "Woman-hating Bachelor," and Mrs. Glover's "Man-hating Spinster," are glorious specimens of what comic acting should be: nothing can go beyond the blunt ill-breeding of the latter, who shows us here the perfection of what may be called the Old School—and one scene, a quarrel between these two, is full of the richest humour. Mr. W. Lacy, loppishly dressed, and

gentlemanly looking, is the very perfection of a "self-loving bachelor." Mr. Buckstone is from top to toe a bashful youth; and Mr. Webster and Hemming, also bachelors (fluctuating and mysterious), aid and abet the laughter-provoking actors and actresses afore-named; and Mrs. W. Clifford, Mrs. Danson, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss Travers, are powerful auxiliaries, as vilified, singing, insinuating, and romantic spinsters. If genuine merriment and warm applause may be considered a token of success, Mr. Buckstone's comedy will long claim a foremost place.

On Wednesday, a two-act drama, called *The Village Doctor* (from the French, we believe, and by Mr. Webster himself), followed the new comedy; it is serious, and possesses few claims to public favour, unless we can find entertainment in seeing a first-rate comic actor (Mr. Farren) in a poor part more than half tragic; a sweet actress (Mrs. W. Lacy) with scarcely any thing to do; and the only fun consisting of indelicacy (to use the softest term) allusions. Its reception was doubtful.

English Opera House.—This theatre opened on Monday, under the direction of Mr. Balfe, and until Thursday no novelty was produced; the *Opera Buffa di Diadeste, or the Veiled Lady*, being revived, and other favourite musical pieces nightly added to its attractions. The composer's (Mr. Balfe) own light and airy acting, and his sweet voice in unison with that of Miss Rainforth and of Mr. Fraser, are the most pleasing things in this production; which is, however, we observe, about to yield to new performances announced for next week.

On Thursday a farce, from the ever-popular pen of Mr. Lover, was played with entire success. It is called the *Hall Porter*, and the humour is drawn from a tallow-chandler's lady (Mrs. Garrick), who has succeeded to a millionaire uncle, assuming the habits of her Order in Belgrave Square, and looking much for instruction, in her course of proceedings, to her servant in that capacity (Mr. F. Mathews), who has lived forty years as porter to a duke. Her endeavours to act the genteel and noble under such auspices are excellent; and as both performers conceived and acted their parts capitally, there was no want of laughter to reward them and the author. An honest Irish footman (Lee), and an impudent cockney ditto (Hoxton), accompanied by another worthy of the same kidney (Sanders), added much to the fun, and to the piquancy of a satire not ill-deserved by the class to which they belong. But the great merit of the farce is the extreme neatness and force of the dialogue. The hits are continual and palpable; and, in truth, some of the wit is almost too fine for the species of entertainment. It is imbued with the genuine *vis comica*. In the usual love-affair, Mr. Brindal and Miss Lucy Bennett sustain the weight of the feathery god; and Mr. Turnour, Mr. Cullenford, Mr. Bender, Miss Goward, and Miss Connelly, fill the minor characters with good effect. The curtain fell, and the *Hall Porter* was announced to open the doors hereafter with great applause: Mr. Lover was loudly demanded, and made his bow on walking across the stage.

In the *Quaker*, which followed, Mr. Leffer sang the "Lads of the Village" delightfully, and was encored.

Strand Theatre.—Another clever and amusing novelty has been added to the merry stock of this little theatre. *Seth Slope* affords ample opportunities for the display of the Yankee talent of Mr. Hill, whose exhibition of American peculiarities in dress, speech, and action, brings the manners of a class of her citizens

more significantly and readily home to us, than even the Great Western or the British Queen. It is a laughable affair.

VARIETIES.

Grace Darling.—We were unfortunately too late to see a painting of this interesting subject by Mr. Parker, which was taken on the spot shortly after the unfortunate wreck of the *Forfarshire*; but, through the kindness of the Messrs. Ackermann (for whom it is engraving), we have been permitted a view of the etching by Mr. Lewis, which is highly characteristic, and holds forth promise of the future excellence of the print. The subject is of deep interest, and particularly to all connected with maritime affairs.

Mr. Martin's Picture of the Coronation has been on private view since our last. Its general effect is splendid, and gorgeous in the extreme. We have had no opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with the details.

Botanic Gardens.—On Thursday, a second promenade was opened for the exhibition of the grounds of this new Society, in the inner circle of the Regent's Park. The day was very favourable, and the specimens of botanical productions, and other sights and arrangements, met with great approbation. Some new and beautiful plants and instruments of culture attracted particular notice.

Tee-Totalism is flourishing, according to newspaper paragraphs; and ships go to sea under its strictest rules, with sailors, usually so superstitious, not afraid of the ominous name of *Wreck-abites*.

Sentimentality.

"Oh, see you flock of lovely sheep

Browse on the mountain's side!"

Thus to her hungry grandpapa

A miss romantic cried:

"Thou silly, sentimental child!

How shall I hope to mend her!

Lovely!—when perhaps among them all

There is not one that's tender!"—H. M.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[We think so highly of the literary usefulness of the following Hints, that we have been induced to commit a wholesale robbery, "go the whole hog," and reprint them entire: for which we hope their author will pardon us.—Ed. L. G.]

A Few Hints to Novices in Manuscript Literature. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus College, Cambridge. London, 1833. Rodd; Cambridge, Stevenson.

THE questions that are constantly asked by persons requiring individual references to the authority of manuscripts, make me certain that the following few notes, which are sent into the world to form a prelude to a larger treatise, will prove useful to many. It need scarcely be remarked that they are not addressed to the antiquary, because it is only a small portion of his incipient study to make himself acquainted with every thing here brought together; but, at the same time, this scrap of information may be beneficial to one whose studies are of a more modern nature, and yet occasionally wanting access to materials constructed previously to the invention of typography. For such an one, then, these brief memoranda are intended.

I.—Catalogues of Manuscripts.

The principal printed Catalogues we possess of MSS. in England are the following, which I have put down, without any arrangement, in the order they stand in my library:—

1. Catalogi librorum manuscritorum Anglie et Hibernie in unum collecti, fol. Oxon. 1697.

BODLEIAN.

1. Codices Græci Barocciani, p. 1.
2. Codices Græci xxvii. Hebraicus I. Arabicus i. et Latinus i. ex dono Thomæ Roe, p. 35.
3. Codices Græci xxii. Russici ii. Pars residua bib. Baroccianæ acceptæ ex dono Oliveri Cromwelli, p. 39.
4. Codices MSS. var. ling. Guili. Laud, p. 46.
5. Cod. MSS. Latini Kemmelli Digbeii, p. 77.
6. Cod. MSS. ex dono Thomæ Bodlei, p. 89.
7. Cod. MSS. Orient. Johannis Seldeni, p. 157.
8. Cod. MSS. in Hypero Bodleiano variarum linguarum et benefactorum variorum, p. 160.
9. Collect. Dodsworth, p. 187.
10. Collect. Leland, p. 255.
11. Cod. MSS. Fr. Junii, p. 249.
12. Collect. Richardi Janseni, p. 258.
13. Jo. Casauboni adversaria, p. 265.

14. Gerardi Langbaini adversaria, p. 268.
15. Cod. MSS. ex dono Thomæ Mareschalli, p. 272.
16. Cod. MSS. Eduardi Pocockii, p. 274.
17. Libri Orientales Roberti Huntingtoni, p. 279.
18. Libri Orientales Thomæ Hyde, p. 296.
19. Cod. MSS. Thomæ Barlowii, p. 298.
20. Cod. MSS. Gulielmi Dugdalei, p. 292.

OXFORD.

1. Bibliotheca Saviliana, p. 299.
2. Bib. Ashmoleana, p. 315.
3. Cod. MSS. Ant. à Wood, p. 350.
4. College Libraries (sep. pag.).

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1. College Libraries (sep. pag.).
2. Bibliotheca Publica.

Then follow slender catalogues of other MSS. libraries in England and Ireland, which need not be referred to here. It may be mentioned, that the whole volume is most wretchedly executed; it was published under the direction of Edward Bernard.

I. A Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. By Archdeacon Nares and others. 4 vols. fol. Lond. 1808-12. [The first portion of this Catalogue is very well compiled, but the third volume is full of imperfections. An index, classed and alphabetical, comprises the fourth volume.]

III. A Catalogue of the MSS. of Francis Hargrave, now deposited in the British Museum. By Sir Henry Ellis. 4to. Lond. 1818. [Consisting almost exclusively of law.]

IV. A Catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum. By Mr. Douce and Sir Henry Ellis. Folio. Lond. 1819. [In two parts: the first comprises the Burghley papers.]

V. A Catalogue of the MSS. in the King's Library in the British Museum. By David Casley. 4to. Lond. 1734. [Generally very correct.]

VI. A Catalogue of the additional MSS. in the British Museum, including the Sloane and Birch collections. By S. Ayscough. 3 vols. 4to. Lond. 1782. [This is an absurd attempt at a classed catalogue, and, without exception, is the very worst failure at a classification that has ever come within the notice of the learned world: the principal information that can be got from it, is, that the author (who appears to have been a man more fitted for making an index to Mr. Dickens's "Pickwick" than any thing else, and I question whether a more low literary labour could be pointed out), was not able to read a page of an old MS. correctly. A new catalogue of these MSS. is in the press. Besides Ayscough's catalogue, there are in the reading-room, 29 volumes in MS. of catalogues of additional manuscripts.]

VII. A Catalogue of the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. By Mr. Planta, folio, 1802.

VIII. A Catalogue of the Arundel MSS. in the British Museum. By the Rev. J. Forshal, fol. 1834. [This catalogue is constructed on most excellent plan, and compiled with equal or more ability than any other I am acquainted with.]

IX. A Catalogue of the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, fol. 1839. [A catalogue of the Oriental MSS. in the Museum is in course of publication. The part containing the Syriac and Arabic MSS. is already published.]

X. A Catalogue of the MSS. in C. C. College, Cambridge, by James Nasmit. 4to. Cantab. 1777. [A very able catalogue by Nasmit, of the MSS. in the Public Library, yet remains unprinted.]

XI. Cod. MSS. ecclesiæ cathedralis Dunelmensis catalogus classicus, descriptus a Thomæ Rud, fol. Dunelm. 1824.

XII. A minute Catalogue of each particular MS. contained in Wood's collection at Oxford, by William Hurd. 8vo. Oxford, 1761. [This has been reprinted by Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., in folio, at his private press, Middle-Hill, Worcestershire.]

XIII. Bibliothecæ Bodleianæ Cod. MSS. Orientalium Catalogus, fol. Oxon. 1767-1821.

XIV. Codices MSS. et impressi cum notis manuscriptis, olim d'Orville, qui in Bibliothecæ Bodleianæ adseruntur. 4to. Oxon. 1805. [The earliest existing MS. of 'Euclid's Elements of Geometry,' written in the ninth century, is in this collection.]

XV. Catalogus vice notitia Manuscriptorum, qui a Cel. E. D. Clarke, comparati in Bibliothecæ Bodleianæ adseruntur. Pars prior. 4to. Oxon. 1812. [P. Gaisford.]

XVI. A Catalogue of the Archiepiscopal MSS. in the Library at Lambeth Palace, fol. Lond. 1812. [By Todd. This is generally considered to be a good catalogue, but not, I think, by any one who has had occasion to examine many of the MSS. It is full of imperfections and errors.]

XVII. Catalogi librorum manuscritorum, qui in bibliothecæ Gallie Helvetiæ, Belgii, Britannicæ, Lusitanicæ, Lusitanicæ adseruntur, nunc primum editi a D. Gustavo Haenel. 4to. Lips. 1830. [Of all the execrable works that ever any mortal had the maximum impudence to place before the view of a civilized literary world, this is by far the very worst. Not a single MS. is properly described: the majority without dates, while *miscellanæ rarior*, volumes of old English poetry, opuscula, &c., occur in every corner. The list of catalogues of foreign libraries of MSS. is good, and to it I refer the reader, because, in many cases, I could do little more than transcribe their titles.]

II.—Initial Abbreviations.

The following is a list of some of the most common ones for the letter A, and will serve to show the multifarious nature of these abbreviations:—

Ab	Alter	Argentum
Abesto	Amantissimus	Aristoteles
Abi	Amen	Artificiales
Actus	Amicus	Assignatus
Actio	Amnis	Assis
Ad	Anima	At
Adilis	Animus	Auctor
Adilutius	Anulus	Auctoritas
Adia	Annus	Augusta
Aditum	Ante	Augustalis
Adis	Antiocha	Augustus
Ager	Antonius	Aulus
Ago	Apollo	Aurelius
Agrippa	Apponere	Aurum
Agrippina	Apud	Auspicium
Aio	Aqua	Aut
Ala	Aratrum	Auxilium
Albus	Arbitratus	Avis
Alius	Arbitrium	Avus.

III.—Abbreviations in General.

It is not my intention to enter very fully into this subject, preferring to leave that labour for my future treatise on Palaeography. It may be well, however, to warn the uninitiated transcriber against the fatal error of conjecture in matters of date, except where satisfactory demonstration cannot possibly be discovered, and he may be then prevented from mistakes similar to the ignorant one of attributing to the mystical letters I H S the convenient interpretation of *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, and perhaps avoid a modern congregation of eleven thousand virgins and nuns.

The scepticism of the uninitiated in matters of this nature is perfectly astonishing, and numerous instances have fallen under my notice where hesitation at belief as to the age and interpretation of manuscripts has been shewn towards men most skilled in manuscript lore. I remember some time ago being flayed and verberated by a contracted, when I stated that a certain MS. had been written about 1470, the exhibitor of it being fully convinced in his own mind that it belonged to the reign of Elizabeth, — a discrepancy absolutely ridiculous, and shews the strange though happy ignorance of some wise-creepers of manuscripts. It would be well to inform such men that the age of a middle-age manuscript can in most cases be ascertained much more accurately than the best conjecture could determine that of a human being.

The facsimile opposite the title-page is from a charter preserved in the Augustinian Office of the time of 1 Ed. III.; the following is an interpretation, if it may be so termed:—

“*Omniis Christi Fidelibusque Scriptum visuris vel audituris Willelmus de Hotot de Woldweston Saltem. Novit is me concessisse & dimisisse Ade Robat de eadem duas Rodas Terrae jacentes in Campis de Woldweston Videlicet una Roda super Langdonhij juxta Terram Johannis Hotot et una Roda super Blackelond juxta Terram Rogeri Grumbaud habendum et tenendum predictas Rodas Terrae predictae Ade et Assignatus sui ad Terminum vite sue et duorum Anorum subsequentium post vitam dictae Ade liberam quiete reddendam mihi per Annum unum Rosam et Festum Sancti Johannis Baptiste et ego predictus Willelmus et Haeredes mei totam predictam Terram predictam Ade et Assignatus sui ad Terminum predictum contra omnes Genies warrantizabimus. In cujus rei Testimonium hunc presentem scripto in modum Litographi confecto Sigilla nostra alteratim apposimus. Jussu Testibus Johanne de Hotot, Rogeri Grumbaud, Johanne Jekis, Lamberto de Clopton et Henrico Martyn et alijs Datum apud Woldweston Die Dominica in Festo Sancti Lucae Evangelistae Anno Regni Regis Edwardi Tertii a Consequenti primo.”*

This will serve to give the reader some idea of the nature of easy MS. contractions.

In some early printed books the contractions are numerous. For example, the following passage from Okham's “Logic,” the contractive marks omitted, is not at first sight very evident in meaning:—

“*Sic hic e fal an qd ad simplr a e pducibile a Deo g a e et sir hic a e g a n e pducibile a Deo.”*

* In old Latin manuscripts the Greek letters of the word *Jesus* are always retained, the exception of the terminations. *Jesus* is written I H S, or in smaller characters i h s, which is the contraction for *Incus*; from which it is evident that the Latin scribes confused the s and the h, — not surprising when we take into consideration their identity as capitals, and the extreme ignorance of the transcribers. It is often retained in old English manuscripts, as for instance in the commencement of a poem called “*Passio Domini*,” in the Cambridge Public Library, Pt. 5, 40:—

“*Herkyns now! if ye wille here
Off mycull pyte; ye now here
Off the that is alle wrought;
And syn he our sowles bowt.*”

In Greek manuscripts, however, only the first and last letters invariably occur. The dash over the word—the symbol of abbreviation—some have changed to the sign of the cross—

+ I H S

and so generally has the monkish interpretation of *Jesus Hominum Salvator* been adopted, that even now in some churches on the continent it is inscribed at full length.

The meaning of which is:—
“*Sicut hic est fallacia secundum quod ad simpliciter. A est producibile a Deo; ergo A est; et similiter hic; A non est; ergo A non est producibile a Deo.*”

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Wind, S.W.

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Rain fallen, .6575 of an inch.

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